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The greatest authorities on the music of America's big band era—musicians and music critics alike—have joined together, for the first time, to assemble *the definitive collection of big band recordings.*

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COUNT BASIE for more than 40 years, leader of one of the most consistently swinging bands in history.

LES BROWN outstanding writer, arranger and leader of one of the era's most popular dance bands.

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NEIL McCAFFREY music critic and editor of *American Dance Band Discography* and *The Complete Encyclopedia of Popular Music and Jazz.*

GEORGE T. SIMON music critic, record producer, author of the definitive work on dance bands—*The Big Bands*—and *The Best of the Music Makers.*

RICHARD SUDHALTER jazz critic of The New York Post, author of *Bix: Man and Legend,* and a widely respected jazz cornetist.

JOHN S. WILSON jazz and popular music critic of The New York Times, author of *Jazz: The Transition Years, The Collector's Jazz: Traditional and Swing, The Collector's Jazz: Modern.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

BIRTH OF A NATION

To the editors:

I am rather surprised at the multiple attacks on the statement, "The federal government did not create the states; the states created the federal government" ("The Idea of the Nation," by Samuel H. Beer, TNR, July 19 & 26). My ancestors (I am told) colonized North Carolina and Georgia during either the late seventeenth century or early eighteenth century. As a child, I learned that the Georgia State Constitution was adopted in 1777 and the first North Carolina Constitution was adopted in 1776. The Constitutional Convention convened in Philadelphia on May 25, 1787, and the ninth state to ratify the Constitution (New Hampshire) did so in 1788, thus completing the necessary two-thirds majority to establish the United States government.

Notwithstanding eighteen months of historical nit-picking by many distinguished scholars, to ask me to conclude that the federal government created the states seems to fly in the face of logic.

W. DON NELSON
Cheyenne, Wyoming

HINCKLEY'S MIND

To the editors:

Stephen Cohen seems to think that his widely shared outrage over the Hinckley acquittal is quite justified ("It's a Mad, Mad Verdict," TNR, July 12). But should "the overwhelming sentiment against the verdict" decide an issue involving our basic assumptions about personal responsibility and free will?

It is by no means proven that any of us, however sane, has the capacity for free choice that serves as the basis for retributive punishment. An impartial consideration of our environmental and genetic history shows that we don't exist as autonomous agents. This is why the Hinckley jury found the prosecution's case so unconvincing: the better they understood John Hinckley and his circumstances, the less sense it made to suppose that there was in him an independent, blameworthy agent, separate from his behavior and able, because it connects us to our surroundings, to control it. Biographical information always undercuts the attribution of autonomy.

In fact, our ethical preferences, such as abhorrence of murder and assault, don't rest on any presumption of free will; they are the natural prescriptions of our biological and cultural heritage. That doesn't mean that we can't still enforce these preferences by removing offenders from society, perhaps to rehabilitate them, perhaps to punish them. But to disallow the role of environmental and genetic factors in producing crime, thus blaming the criminal alone, is to return to a pre-scientific, manifestly false conception of our relations to the world.

THOMAS W. CLARK
Arlington, Massachusetts

To the editors:

The problem that the success of Hinckley's insanity defense poses for society is simply this: no psychiatrist will ever be able to guarantee that Mr. Hinckley's profoundly destructive illness will not reassert itself at some point in the future. Present-day psychiatry simply lacks the predictive power necessary to certify Mr. Hinckley's future behavior —nor will psychiatry have that power in the foreseeable future. The judgments relating to Mr. Hinckley's freedom will be philosophical and subjective. Society deserves better protection than that.

RONALD BRADY, M.D.
Bridge Plaza Treatment & Rehabilitation Clinic
Long Island City, New York

To the editors:

Stephen Cohen makes a good point when he writes, "... there is a further issue: has the mental issue seriously impaired the defendant's free will? This is a question for a moral philosopher, not a medical psychiatrist." I agree. Does mental illness so invade, in a strictly causal sense, the spiritual sanctuary of personal freedom and decisions that such decisions are simply and substantively without any moral or human responsibility? In classical moral philosophy the criterion for personal responsibility was the capacity to distinguish between good and evil behavior. Such thinkers as Plato, Aristotle, and Thomas Aquinas admitted, of course, that mental and physical dispositions affect and impair moral judgments and so decrease the degree of responsibility; but they denied that such obstacles removed entirely one's freedom and hence responsibility. For them human freedom and moral responsibility were far too deep and spiritual ever to be completely dominated (except in the case of the hopelessly insane) by neurotic and psychic factors. Was John Hinckley such a psychotic mess that he had lost the use of his moral reason altogether? Or did he somewhere along the line deliberately, not reasonably but willfully, decide to accept his crazy fantasy, to live with it, to play it out?

Had you or I suggested to Hinckley that he gun down Jodie Foster or that he send old men to heaven by way of poisoned elderberry wine, he would have called us crazy and perhaps knocked us on the head. Yet he freely chose his own particular fantasy and nourished it with cunning deliberation and selfish zeal. His choice to accept this fantasy was just as free as would have been his choice to reject it. Once he moved into his psychotic dream world and locked the door, it was too late.

MAURICE HOLLOWAY
Edinboro, Pennsylvania

KINGPIN

To the editors:

It is so astonishing that David M. Kennedy would even suggest that Father Coughlin was the political equal of Huey Long ("Radio Radicals," TNR, July 12) that one must wonder whether the reviewer has read T. Harry Williams's incomparable biography of the Louisiana Kingfish. The only fitting comment for such casual comparison of this *sui generis* figure in American politics to an early-day Jerry Falwell is found in Huey's own response when someone compared him to Hitler: "Don't liken me to that sonofabitch. Anybody that gets his public policies mixed up with religious prejudice is a plain Goddam fool."

RAY JENKINS
Baltimore, Maryland

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

To the editors:

Thomas Szasz's article on psychiatry and violence is cruel ("Shooting the Shrink," TNR, June 16). The author concludes that it serves psychiatrists right if they are assaulted, for they are the ones who hurt people in the first place by committing them to institutions, taking

continued on page 39

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Back Issues and Reception
TRACY SWANSON

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On John Hinckley, Huey Long, violent patients, &c.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ... CALM AMIDST THE STORM
Why Reagan doesn't fret about the deficit.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... HARD TIMES
As unemployment climbs, the country's physical infrastructure crumbles. A program of public works would do much to solve both problems.

GUNS AND HUCKSTERS
Advertising. National defense. They don't mix.

NOTEBOOK

10 **BARRY RUBIN** ..... HOLY WAR IN THE GULF
The ferocity of the Iran-Iraq war is no surprise. Neither are Iran's recent victories. But General Khomeini has taken on too big a task.

13 **EDWARD ABRAHAMS** ..... WATT'S LUMP OF COAL
The Interior Department's ideological rapture is bad news for the environment and the public.

16 **EDWARD LUTTWAK** ..... DEUS EX MISSILES
Missiles can sink ships and destroy tanks, but they are even more hazardous to clear thinking.

18 **AMITY SHLAES** ..... THE SQUEAL SQUAWK
The Administration thinks it can help families by tattling on teenagers who choose to have sex.

21 **ROY L. PROSTERMAN** ..... THE UNMAKING OF A LAND REFORM
In El Salvador, land reform was, and is, the key to a future of something better than blood and dictatorship. The right has nearly destroyed it, but there's still a slim chance it can be saved.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: PARIS, TWO VIEWS
One film is an old precursor of the New Wave; the other has Girardot, and not too much glop.

27 **VLADIMIR VOINOVICH** ..... SHUT UP AND EAT!
Ah, the life of a Soviet writer! Muskrat hats and other perks and dues of the Writers' Union.

29 **JOSEPH L. RAUH JR.** ..... THE CHIEF
Earl Warren: A Public Life by G. Edward White

33 **MICHAEL R. MARRUS** ..... A STORY OF GENEROSITY
Spain, the Jews, and Franco by Haim Avni

34 **MICHAEL COLLIER** ..... POEM *White Strawberries*

36 **WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD** ..... THE ART OF BEING RUDE
The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis by Jeffrey Meyers

43 **LONDON DIARIST** ..... VESTIGES OF THE PAST

COVER El Espino agrarian reform farm outside San Salvador. Photo by Cindy Karp/Black Star (1981). Article on page 21.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Calm Amidst The Storm

How can a seagull fly stock-still in the air in a near gale with the ruffle of hardly a feather? I saw this feat performed recently (at the close of a trip to England) with the wind howling over Land's End from the Scilly Isles and this bird up there in the air (showing off, I think) maintaining its position. It was a feat of equilibrium to appreciate before watching Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher next day in the House of Commons, at question time.

In Washington, of course, the public cross-questioning of Ronald Reagan is performed by the press, who do a poor job of it. On the day Reagan was telling reporters in Washington that he wouldn't say a word more about the sensational departure of Secretary of State Haig, Thatcher was participating in the magnificent give-and-take of a question period, across an open space in the House of Commons only large enough to contain a good size ping-pong table. What a sense of reality and drama it gave to government! She sat there in the front seat on the front row and across the aisle sat the leaders of the opposition, with the members of their "shadow" cabinet, to ask questions and see if they could embarrass her. About 28,000 questions, written and oral, are answered each session by the government leaders. There is an intricate protocol in this venerable and hoary place, with the bewigged Speaker and the Gold Mace to symbolize authority. The Prime Minister must maintain steadiness in the teeth of the gale. A member can ask a follow-up question at the discretion of the Speaker, and there may be further questions with others joining in. (The government has a lot of explaining to do just now, heaven knows, with an interloper wandering about Buckingham Palace, a scandal involving the Queen's personal police bodyguard, and an espionage case involving top secret communications intelligence.) The Prime Minister isn't off in a different world, protected by the sanctification of the White House; she is right out in the brawl, first among equals, but vulnerable to public judgment. I had a feeling of Mrs. Thatcher's perfect command in her formal answers, which she continued with a kind of maternal note through occasional shouts of dissent. She has one reason for equanimity not shared by Reagan: here it is, half-way through the year, and he still doesn't know what his budget will be. When the Prime Minister submits her budget, it is accepted automatically—or there will be a new election.

More and more people complain that there is something the matter with the U.S. system, though generally the apprehension manifests itself in criticism of one of its component parts. The drive to write a ban against an unbalanced budget into the Constitution is a way of saying that things aren't working right. Senator Orrin Hatch, Republican of Utah, says we must have the ban: "Congress is undisciplined," he complains. "The special-interest groups are well organized and the taxpayers aren't." Hatch says we've balanced the budget only once in the last twenty-three years, and we're now a trillion dollars in debt! So let's do what reformers did in 1919, pass an Eighteenth Amendment, requiring us to be good. Prohibition lasted fourteen years. In 1919 Wilson vetoed the Volstead Act, which was passed over his veto. This time round Ronald Reagan whoops the proposal on.

I keep thinking of that seagull off the coast of Land's End effortlessly balancing itself in the gale as we watched admiringly. The storm was blowing against Reagan too when he took office, but it didn't bother him. He would cut taxes and it would so stimulate the economy that it would cost nothing. That hasn't worked; the wind has shifted, and he is unperturbed in presiding over a proposed unprecedented deficit. He wants a constitutional amendment to set things right.

This is not hypocrisy. Reagan is the most ideological President, I think, that we have ever had. During the Presidential race, in Flint, Michigan, on May 17, 1980, he comfortably explained how cutting taxes would raise more money (the famous Arthur Laffer curve): "We would use the increased revenues from the tax decrease to rebuild our defense capabilities." On September 9, 1980, he said, "I am confident that we can squeeze and trim 2 percent out of the budget in fiscal year 1981 and we will be able to increase thus gradually to 7 percent of what would otherwise have been spent in fiscal year 1985."

He wouldn't increase federal control, of course: "The taxing power of the government," he said in his February 1981 economic address, "must not be used to regulate the economy or bring about social change." Social change: that's what we must be afraid of! It is all wonderful and glowing, and, as everyone agrees, Reagan is a good fellow who rides the current of the wind with amazing calm. So let's pass the new Twenty-Seventh Amendment and relax.

Paul Samuelson, the Nobel Prize-winning economist, along with eighty other signatories, argued in an open letter to Congress that the proposed amendment could rob the government of flexibility in preparing budgets and taxes. In fact, one version of the proposed amendment limits future taxes to the size of government receipts: it forbids federal receipts to rise faster than "national income." What does that mean? It is susceptible to various interpretations. The Senate Judiciary Committee defines "national income" with an algebraic equation. It will take dozens of decisions of the Supreme Court to decide the point, which would put algebra into the Constitution.

America is, of course, in a recession. The economy is producing less than it was three years ago. Walter Heller soberly observes that "that's the longest period of no growth since the Great Depression." This Reagan revulsion against producing social change by federal action needs examination, too. A careful study by the Congressional Budget Office argues that Reagan's 1981 tax and budget cuts will cost households with annual incomes of $10,000 an average of $240 a year. But from $10,000 on up, all households will benefit, it says, with the well-to-do gaining most. In other words, for those above $80,000 the gain will average over $15,000 a year. Income is being redistributed upward.

Figures like these might shake some politicians. But see how calmly our seagull rides the gale.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 9, 1982

HARD TIMES

Jobs, jobs, jobs, candidate Reagan promised on accepting the Republican nomination in 1980, and exit polls on Election Day showed that the people believed him. Those more concerned about unemployment than inflation voted in greater numbers for Mr. Reagan than for Mr. Carter. It was the first time in modern history, in the judgment of Walter Dean Burnham, a leading student of U.S. elections, that the "economic issue" had helped the Republicans.

It was as if the people sensed that the jobs were tied to growth and that Mr. Reagan's expansionist program might just give us growth, whereas Mr. Carter remained fatally wedded to a vision of America as a no-growth steady state, a philosophy which traduced what Santayana called the one native religion of America—belief in the future. Mr. Reagan's rhetoric and his sunny bearing dramatized his belief in the future, and so did the transformations of his mythopoeic career. The politics of personality counts for more than intellectuals like to admit, and in this affable, open, shallow fellow, the people saw a more attractive projection of their future than they did in his clenched opponent. In his previous profession Mr. Reagan had been associated with the good-times industry, and millions must have hoped that the smiling persona of his all-American roles would rub off on the man, and might rub off on the country as well. They were wrong. Close to two-and-a-half million Americans have lost their jobs since Mr. Reagan took office; the number of families below the poverty line has increased more than two million; and an estimated thirty million Americans will be involuntarily out of work sometime this year. With a disastrous mismatch of fiscal and monetary policies, the good-times President has brought us hard times.

Hard times in the Midwest: in Michigan 625,000 people are unemployed, or 14.3 percent of the working population. In Indiana, the figure is 12.4 percent; in Ohio, 11.1; in Wisconsin, 11.1. Hard times in the East, with Pennsylvania recording a 10.4 percent jobless rate; Rhode Island, 9.9 percent; New Jersey, 9.2 percent; Maine, 9.3 percent. Hard times in the South and the border states: Alabama has a whopping 13.2 percent out of work; Kentucky, 10.3 percent; South Carolina, 11.4 percent; Tennessee, 10.7 percent; West Virginia, 9.8 percent. Hard times even in the once prosperous West, with Washington State, whose timber industry is critically dependent on housing starts, showing 12.4 percent unemployment in April; Oregon, 11.1 percent; and even Sun Belt California creeping up to 9.5 percent in May.

The private sector cannot hire these people; the intellectually scandalous combination of supply-side tax cuts and tight money policies has made business retrench, not expand. But there is a power of work to be done in the public sector, work which would add to the nation's productive capacity. As TNR pointed out months ago (see "Demand-Side Economics," April 21), the social infrastructure of the country is in parlous condition. The Transportation Department has classified 45 percent of the nation's 557,516 highway bridges as "deficient or obsolete." The bill for repair is $47.6 billion. According to a recent story in *The New York Times*, the 42,000-mile interstate highway system "is deteriorating at a rate that would require reconstruction of 2,000 miles a year, in addition to a backlog of 8,000 miles" that need repair now to eliminate costly traffic jams on city expressways. New York City alone, according to a study for the Joint Economic Committee, will soon have to replace or repair 1,000 bridges, two aqueducts, one large water tunnel, several reservoirs, 6,200 miles of streets, 6,000 miles of sewers, 6,000 miles of water lines, 6,700 subway cars, 4,500 buses, 25,000 acres of parks, and hundreds of police and fire stations. These statistics point to a long neglect of infrastructure—public works funding declined by 30 percent between 1965-1980—that is costing the nation billions in lost productivity. (One example: the

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Times reports that the U.S. Steel Corporation is spending $1 million per year to reroute its trucks around an unsafe bridge in Pittsburgh.) The need is great. There are millions of variously talented unemployed people ready to work. There are also precedents for putting them to work rebuilding the infrastructure.

Public works employment as an antirecessionary measure is not a radical idea. President Nixon endorsed it in his 1970 budget message to Congress, and his Secretary of Labor, George Shultz, proposed a substantial public service jobs program. But the nation's largest experience with public works was, of course, the WPA. Begun under an executive order of President Roosevelt in May 1935, the WPA employed nearly three million of the jobless by December of that year. Since its enemies have succeeded in tarnishing its image in the national memory—the WPA worker leaning on his shovel is a folk myth—it's worth taking the occasion of the worst slump since the Depression to glance at the WPA's contribution to the nation.

Under the WPA, 650,000 miles of roads were built or improved; 125,000 public buildings were erected or modernized; 16,000 miles of water lines and 24,000 miles of sewage pipe were laid. The WPA built La Guardia Airport and reconstructed the lower level of the Queensborough Bridge. Stretched end to end, the roads it built or repaired in New York City alone would reach Denver. Nearly fifty years later, these capital improvements are still contributing to the nation's productivity and amenity.

THREE BRIEF POINTS should be made about the WPA. First, besides its civilian benefits, the WPA had a bearing on national defense, as General Marshall, who supervised the Civilian Conservation Corps, a division of the WPA, knew well. How many of the men who faced the German guns at Normandy had earlier vindicated their dignity by work on the CCC or the WPA? Second, an analogous program today need not involve government management or direct government employment, but simply serious government expenditure on public works. The labor market could fit people to jobs more efficiently than government, and at higher wages. Third, any program that exploits an idle resource is the reverse of inflationary, however much it might add to a yearly deficit. What is inflationary is the estimated $60 billion to $100 billion in lost productivity represented by each percent of unemployment.

In the immediate postwar period, liberals like Senator Robert F. Wagner tried to make public works employment a permanent part of the nation's jobs repertoire. But the Employment Act of 1946 adopted "maximum," not full, employment as its goal, and committed no federal funds to implement it. Senator Albert Gore tried to win congressional approval for a public works bill during the 1958 recession—in vain. Senator Joseph Clark tried again in 1961, urging that "we put our emphasis on buying things of lasting value—rather than pay it out in the form of a dole which brings no tangible benefits of any kind." But a cautious President Kennedy refused to endorse Clark's modest measure. With the exception of the initiatives of Hubert Humphrey's last years, Democratic social policy thereafter went more and more in the direction of transfer payments, to the needy and unemployed. By 1978 these payments totaled $224 billion mostly in the CETA program, and spending on subsidized jobs, only $10 billion. The cardinal difference between the two kinds of expenditures is that money spent on jobs is an investment, not a cost. The surplus value produced by a public works employee adds to the nation's social capital.

REVIEWING the performance of the modern American economy in his *Zero Sum Society*, Lester Thurow notes a depression from 1929-1940, then a war, followed by recessions in 1949, 1954, 1957-1958, 1960-1961, punctuated by a war from 1965 to 1973 (with a recession in 1969-1970), followed by a decade of rising unemployment leading to a severe recession in 1974-1975 and an even worse one that began in late 1980 and continues today. Each of these recessions threw millions out of work. These dreary data lead Thurow to this conclusion: "We need to face the fact that our economy and our institutions will not provide jobs for everyone who wants to work. They have never done so, and as currently structured, they never will." His remedy is to make public works and public service jobs a permanent feature of employment policy, in effect socializing a sector of the economy. Such a guaranteed national jobs program is morally attractive, but intellectually problematic; and, politically, it is utopian in this time of social reaction. One doesn't have to accept Thurow's remedy to recognize that behind today's jobs crisis lies one of worst records on employment of any of the industrial democracies; and ahead of it lies a future in which the mobility of capital made possible by advances in technology will accelerate the process of deindustrialization that cost the nation over twenty million jobs in the 1970s.

Whether full employment is achieved through tax incentives for promising industries, or specialized work-oriented education programs, or these measures combined with spending on public works, it is an issue that could mobilize votes for the Democrats. As Walter Dean Burnham has long maintained (in these pages, among other places), there is a hole in the American electorate made up of half the population of the United States: nonvoters. The typical nonvoter is either working class or poor. He is to be found in places like Shirley Chisholm's Brooklyn district, where only 18 percent of the eligible voters turned out last Election Day. 1980 was the year of the nonvoter; he felt an equal and equally profound alienation toward the Hooverism of Jimmy Carter and the cowboy capitalism

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of Ronald Reagan. Burnham believes, however, that the nonvoter might become a voter if there were something like a social democratic alternative, as there is in Europe, where election turnouts are much higher than they are here. The Democrats could provide such an alternative if they put economic security—that is to say, jobs, growth, community stability, the improvement of public education—at the center of their agenda. That kind of Democratic Party, made up of both working-class and middle-class people, would perhaps divide on cultural issues, but would unite on the critical issue of full employment. That issue is an encompassing one. It touches the problems of crime, family stability, welfare, and physical and mental health, and provides liberal answers to them. To be sure, even a Democratic Party dedicated to full employment would not easily deal with the problem of the underclass (people who are not even counted in the unemployment statistics), estimated to number as many as 9 million. Still, by sponsoring supported work experiments, which have lessened crime among repeat offenders, a party of jobs, jobs, jobs would have better answers than either of the current parties. The full-employment Democratic Party would be the party that was struggling to be born in the Employment Act of 1946, it would be the party of Senators Gore, Clark, and, above all, Hubert Humphrey; and, yes, in its drive to include the excluded and add their contribution to the national story, it would be the party of Franklin Roosevelt.

At their midterm convention, the Democrats endorsed a proposal made by Americans for Democratic Action to provide jobs for 500,000 people on public works projects in areas hardest hit by the recession. The measure would cost an estimated $7.5 billion, to be paid for by putting a $700 cap on the 1983 tax cuts. A House leadership bill now before the Appropriations Committee would implement elements of the ADA proposal. We endorse the measure, and wish it speedy passage.

Guns And Hucksters

Suddenly, the newspapers and magazines are full of ads for grown-up war toys. In a single recent issue of *Time*, McDonnell Douglas proclaims the virtues of its fighter plane ("The F-15 Eagle. Awesome enough to deter a fight, powerful enough to win one"); Grumman, in four-color splendor, boasts gnomically that its "tactical aircraft" are "helping tomorrow dawn twice in the same skies"; Goodyear Aerospace points to the "advanced application of strapdown digital guidance" of its antisubmarine systems; and Hughes Aircraft plumps for its medium-range air-to-air missiles. Meanwhile, in the newspapers, Lockheed and Boeing are squabbling over whose jumbo jet transports are the better buy. Lockheed's full-page ad in the July 20 *Washington Post* stresses the "crisis-proved features" of its C-5B, which "will have a number of new, proved electronic systems." (The copy adds, rather wanly, "Wherever possible, they will meet U.S. Air Force standardization guidelines.") Boeing, in the same day's *New York Times*, hits Lockheed at its most vulnerable point: cost. (The C-5B's predecessor, the C-5A, was the granddaddy of all cost overruns.) "Boeing has a constructive alternative to our country's immediate airlift problems," the ad announces. "Unprecedented firm proposals, using 747 airlifters, have been submitted to the Department of Defense and the Air Force that can save taxpayers as much as *$7.9 billion—guaranteed.*" Price boasts are a traditional feature of advertising, but this one may be the biggest of all time.

Advertisers usually want to persuade customers to buy their products, but the average reader, we hope, is not in the market for a jet fighter or an air-to-air missile. Who, then, is supposed to be convinced by these ads? One clue is that the *Time* ads appeared only in the magazine's Washington edition. In the words of a spokesman for Grumman, the ads are designed "to create a favorable image within the Washington establishment handling the defense budget." And with the procurement portion of that budget increasing from $65 billion in fiscal 1982 to $90 billion in 1983, there is plenty to create a favorable image about.

But something is amiss when the nation's defense contractors try to convince Congress, the White House, and the Pentagon about vital military hardware through mass-media advertising techniques. Deciding whether the armed forces need more planes, ships, or tanks, and what kind, isn't (or shouldn't be) like choosing toothpaste. Careful specifications and performance evaluations, in the context of a coherent procurement strategy, seem a bit more appropriate.

Notebook

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "We were like doormen, huntsmen, footmen, male nurses, during my five years incessantly running errands for the absentee nabob: like most of his employees, I never saw the great man in the flesh—he was merely the oppressive air I breathed. We bulldozed city officials into getting up receptions in his honor. We praised the attempt at opera singing made by the wife of a magnate who controlled the supply of a raw material needed by our master's Hollywood enterprise. We attacked any statesmen so foolish as to oppose his political schemes. . . . To valets like us he could not always be a hero." ("Working for Hearst," by R. L. Burgess, August 10, 1932.)

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A triumph of faith and power politics.

Holy War In The Gulf

ALMOST TWO YEARS after Iraqi forces invaded Iran, the Iranians returned the favor—and with a vengeance. Iran's victory will probably stop short of the Ayatollah Khomeini's maximal aim of an Islamic republic in Iraq. But the war is likely to mark a political turning point for the Persian Gulf, and it reveals a great deal about that once obscure and now vital area of the world.

The invasion provoked as much enthusiasm in Iran as it did panic in the Arab countries of the Gulf and hysteria in the West. Colonel Ali Sayyad Shirazi, the brilliant young commander of the Iranian Army, predicted before the attack that his men would soon say their prayers in Karbala, the most important Shia holy city in Iraq, and added, "Inshallah [God willing], the ground will be laid for the appearance of imam mahdi"—the "hidden imam" who is the Shia messiah, his return heralding the end of the world.

There is more than a little truth to the Iranian claim that the West has never understood their revolution. American policymakers and journalists consistently refused to believe that the Islamic government could survive for very long. There were frequent predictions at the war's beginning that the Iraqis would roll over their opponents. Baghdad was dangerously confident of easy victory, as were the trendy Western scholars and writers who advertised Iraq as the new superpower of the region.

Yet Iran's successes are not all that surprising. For better or worse, the Iranians simply meant what they said. The power of religious and nationalistic belief was great, but the mullahs were no fools when it came to power politics. They organized a variety of institutions—not highly disciplined or efficient, but sufficient, including neighborhood committees, courts, intelligence services, and Revolutionary Guards—to maintain their power. They produced enough oil to keep the economy going and, despite the hardships for the urban middle class, provided enough subsidies to keep the poor from abandoning Khomeini. And there was no political force capable of bringing them down. The émigrés were disorganized, divided, and increasingly irrelevant. Their inaccurate predictions about Iran's disintegration, based on wishful thinking, were quickly snapped up in the West. So were the exaggerated stories about Soviet influence in Iran. In reality the left had only a limited political base, and though the quasi-Marxist Islam of the Mujahidin appealed to many, there was quite a difference between carrying out assassinations and seizing state power.

Islamic Iran has no shortage of repression and corruption, its economy is in shambles, and its probably avoidable war with Iraq has generated many casualties and refugees. Hundreds of thousands of skilled Iranians have left the country, and the costs of all the waste and mistakes will plague Iran for years to come. Yet more than one Middle East government has survived in the face of equal or greater disasters. The combination of tight security, charismatic leadership, and ideological fervor is hard to beat.

Similar factors affected the progress of the war between Iran and Iraq. Iran's larger population, its superior pilots and naval forces, the arms and spare parts stockpiled by the Shah, and the fanatical dedication of its soldiers all helped to stop and then push back the Iraqi advance. The purge of the Shah's military in some ways helped Iran, removing senior officers who had been promoted through connections or loyalty and replacing them with young and able soldiers, like Shirazi, who were also relatively loyal to the Khomeini regime. At first the Revolutionary Guards bore the brunt of the fighting, but gradually the regular armed forces reasserted themselves. The war was fought with unsophisticated weapons, a military version of the "small is beautiful" philosophy of "appropriate technology." Casualties were high, but the Iranians won by taking advantage of the Iraqis' lower morale, forcing them to run, retreat, or surrender.

IRAQ'S DEFEAT was due as much to its own weaknesses as to Iran's strengths. Iraq had no clear military objectives, naively assuming that an invasion of a relatively small portion of Iranian territory would bring down the Khomeini regime. When there was no revolution or capitulation from Tehran, the Iraqis did not know what to do next. The Iraqi Army looked impressive on paper, but it was a highly politicized military whose showing against the Israelis in 1973 and against the Kurdish uprising was poor. Its Soviet tactics were inflexible and inappropriate. One Iraqi joke tells of their forces going on maneuvers in the desert with a Soviet adviser. On the first day they advanced, but then stood still for a week. "Why are we waiting?" asked an Iraqi officer. His Soviet counterpart replied, "We're waiting for the snow to melt."

Political limitations on military strategy also hampered the Iraqis. Most of the Iraqi foot-soldiers were Shia, and thus not completely reliable, while the elite Sunni units were often kept home to protect the regime. President Saddam Hussein was determined to keep losses low. This meant avoiding both all-out assaults on the Iranian cities and encirclement of enemy troops in the early days of the war. The casualties spared at the time of rapid Iraqi advance had to be sacrificed during the months of stalemate that ensued.

But now that the Iraqis are fighting on their own soil, their determination to hold their ground is much higher. Many Iraqis genuinely fear and hate the Iranians; they ridicule Iranian soldiers for thinking themselves invisible because of the Ayatollah's blessings.

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And Iraq, too, is capable of patriotic fervor. When Saddam Hussein broke into tears on television last January while discussing Iraqi casualties, this action—usually deemed unmanly among Arabs—was approved as a sign of his genuine concern for the country's losses. The growing length of Iranian supply lines and the vacillation of Iranian tactics also help Baghdad. Now it is Tehran which plays the dangerous game of pinning military hopes on an internal revolt.

So far, the Iraqi Shias have remained quiet. This is partly due to the Baathist regime's ferocious repression of anyone who might conceivably lead that group against the government. In addition, about one hundred thousand Iraqis of Persian descent were expelled from the country in recent years. Almost all of the remaining Shia are Arabs, subject to Arab nationalist appeals against the Persians, and the Shia as a community have never had a strong organization or group consciousness. Some of the forty thousand Iraqi prisoners taken by the Iranians seem to espouse, through conviction or opportunism, the Islamic cause, but this has not yet spread to the general population. Western commentators who predict tidal waves of Islamic revolution and Shia uprising across the region are largely ignorant of these factors.

Nevertheless, it is hard to see Iran ending the war as long as Saddam Hussein remains in power. As the influential Ayatollah Moussavi-Ardebili put it, "Nothing will make up for our martyrs except the fall of Saddam and the destruction of the Baath Party." This objective will not be easily achieved. Iraq, by the way, is no less bloodthirsty. "All the mullahs" in Iran's leadership "have to be killed one by one—executioner Khomeini being the first to die," says one of their recent broadcasts.

AS LONG AS the Ayatollah Khomeini is alive, political struggle in Iran will probably remain muted, but trends are visible among the main existing political forces: the traditionalists, the Hojjati movement, and the mainstream of the Islamic Republican Party (IRP). The first group consists of clerics, including some of the most senior ayatollahs, who have never approved of Khomeini's innovations in Shia Islam. Although Westerners view Khomeini as an archreactionary, he is in fact a radical theological revisionist. The traditionalists are very conservative on socioeconomic questions (they oppose land reform, for example), but are more moderate on political issues and say they would like to see the clergy play less of a ruling role. The Hojjati were founded in the 1950s to persecute or convert the Bahais but have emerged as a charismatic movement with a distinctive ideology. A significant minority of IRP parliamentary delegates and other high officials are current or former members. Both traditionalists and Hojjati are strongly anti-Communist and are somewhat less hostile to the West than is Khomeini. The majority IRP team, which has monopolized power since the fall of Bani-Sadr, seems to be working together relatively well, though it still suffers occasional assassinations from opposition guerrillas, and its alliance with the Revolutionary Guards may eventually bring problems with the regular army.

The military's loyalty to Khomeini is not currently in question, though it fights as much out of Iranian nationalism as out of Islamic fervor. Still, young officers who have risen so quickly to the top may have Napoleonic ambitions. They would probably seek power under an Islamic banner, but any possible coup lies well in the future.

Although the fanatical courage of the Revolutionary Guards was essential in stopping the Iraqi advance early in the war, the more recent battles have largely depended on the army's careful planning, intelligence, and tactical genius. The regular military was apparently the last convert to the idea of an invasion of Iraq, and it is even less interested in any adventures in the rest of the Gulf. While the concern of the oil-producing sheikdoms about radical fundamentalism is understandable, the danger of immediate upheavals or invasions remains low.

THE ARAB GULF states' support for Iraq's war effort has aroused Tehran's ire. Iranian radio broadcasts and propaganda attack them in the most violent terms. Some months ago, Iran's president, Mohammed Ali Khamenei, thundered, "We are determined to send Saddam to hell. His collaborators' turn will come later. . . . We will destroy all the dwarfs if they continue to support falsehood against right." The attack on Mecca's holy mosque, originally portrayed as a U.S.-Zionist plot, was later endorsed as the action of progressive and oppressed Moslems. Iran bombed Kuwait twice, and the Iranians trained guerrillas who were caught trying to overthrow Bahrein's government last December.

The Arab governments are on guard, carefully distributing oil wealth to curb dissent, laboring to improve their Islamic images, and cooperating among themselves to forestall potential rebels and invaders. There is no organized revolutionary movement and the problems of these states are not comparable to the Shah's economic and political problems.

Nor is the Soviet Union likely to benefit from the war. Iraqis and Iranians are equally angry at Moscow for its lack of support. Gulf Arabs are suspicious of the Soviets and contemptuous of their inactivity over Lebanon. Soviet prestige in the region is lower than at practically any point in the last twenty-five years. And despite the Gulf Arabs' outspoken condemnation of U.S. policy and of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, for which the United States is held responsible, fear of Iran and Iranian-inspired revolutionaries reinforces their need for American help.

The U.S. position of neutrality in the Iran-Iraq war has been correct. Though it is necessary to show sup-

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port for the Arab sheikdoms, they will be less willing than ever to take a high public profile in supporting the United States. Moreover, the U.S. must be careful not to push Iran into Soviet arms. The Reagan Administration's offer to hold joint maneuvers with the Gulf Arabs strikes exactly the wrong note on both fronts.

Iraq and the Arab sheikdoms are far from finished, and Khomeini's banner will probably not fly from Baghdad's rooftops. If the Iraqis underestimated Iranian patriotism, the Iranians may now be making the same mistake.

BARRY RUBIN

Barry Rubin is a fellow at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies. He has just returned from a trip to the Middle East.

Ideology at four cents a ton.

WATT'S LUMP OF COAL

ON APRIL 28 the Department of the Interior offered for lease 1.6 billion tons of coal on federal lands in the Powder River Basin of Montana and Wyoming. Even though recession, energy conservation, and falling export demand have created an enormous glut of coal, Secretary James Watt decided to go ahead with the largest lease sale in history anyway. His deputy assistant secretary for land and water, David Russell, called the results of the sale a "resounding success." But bids on the thirteen tracts put up for lease totaled not quite $55 million, or less than four cents a ton—at a time when coal is selling for between $22 and $47 a ton. Despite the bargain price, eight of the thirteen tracts attracted only one bidder, three of them had two, and two tracts had no bidders at all. The winning bid on one tract was so low that Bureau of Land Management officials decided not to recommend issuing the lease. In addition, *Inside Energy*, a McGraw-Hill weekly report on federal energy activities, has alleged that the Department of the Interior scrapped higher minimum acceptable bids it might have used after an official leaked the unpublished figures to coal company executives. The entire lease offering is now clouded not only by fears that the public may not be getting the fair market value for its coal that the law requires, but also by possible charges of misconduct.

The Powder River Basin lease sale is only part of a larger effort by the Department of the Interior to reduce federal responsibility for the management of public lands and to remove what it believes are the barriers to increased use and production of coal. Following the logic of the "Sagebrush Rebellion," Watt wants to make it easier and cheaper for private industry to mine federal coal. But if Interior goes ahead and promulgates the new coal leasing and management regulations it published in the Federal Register last December, everybody—the environmentalists, the states, even the industry itself—may soon regret it.

DESIGNED "to eliminate burdensome, confusing, outdated, or unneeded provisions of the . . . Federal coal management program," the new regulations are themselves enormously complex and detailed. Three principles summarize their intent. First, the Department of the Interior has decided to lease lands "to meet demand for *reserves* rather than *production*" (emphasis theirs). In other words, in marked contrast to previous practice, which tried to estimate demand for coal and then lease lands accordingly, Watt would leave it entirely to the energy companies to decide how much public property should be developed. Second, in the name of "streamlining the process," the new proposals eliminate opportunities for public participation in determining how much, where, and when coal should be leased for private development. Finally, Watt has proposed relaxing the "due diligence" requirements on pre-1976 leases, which guard against speculation and encourage production by requiring coal companies to produce commercial quantities of coal within ten years or lose their exclusive right to the lease. (The Federal Coal Leasing Amendments Act of 1976 prevents the secretary from altering due diligence requirements on post-1976 leases without an act of Congress.)

Watt's proposals assume that the existing limits on access to coal on federal lands reduce use of coal and thus increase dependence on foreign oil. As a matter of undisputed fact, though, the market for coal is soft. At the moment, coal use is constrained by limited demand, not short supplies. Before Watt's latest lease sale, there were already 575 federal coal leases in effect, representing 16.5 *billion* tons of coal. Since total U.S. coal production in 1982 will be about 880 million tons, and since 249 federal leases remain undeveloped, there is more than enough to meet any requirements for the fuel in the foreseeable future. As a recent Office of Technology Assessment report on the development and production potential of federal coal leases points out, "The extent of increased market demand, not the availability of additional federal leases, is expected to determine the amount of coal that will be produced."

Unsurprisingly, public interest groups like the Western Organization of Resource Councils and Citizens for a Better Environment take a dim view of the proposed change. They see it as a threat to a decade's progress in comprehensive land use planning, and they fear that the single-minded emphasis on coal

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The Surface Contingent

A recent finding at the General Motors Research Laboratories has changed scientific thinking about the behavior of electrons in metal surfaces. This discovery provides a greater understanding of the fundamental physical processes involved in such surface events as adhesion, corrosion and catalysis.

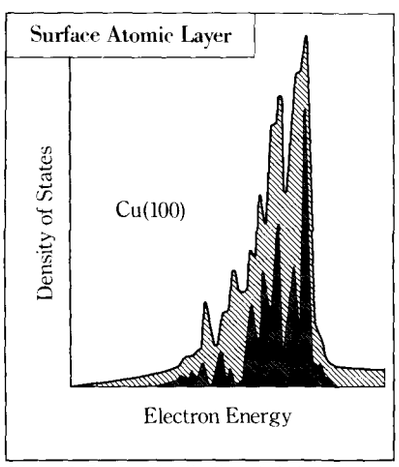
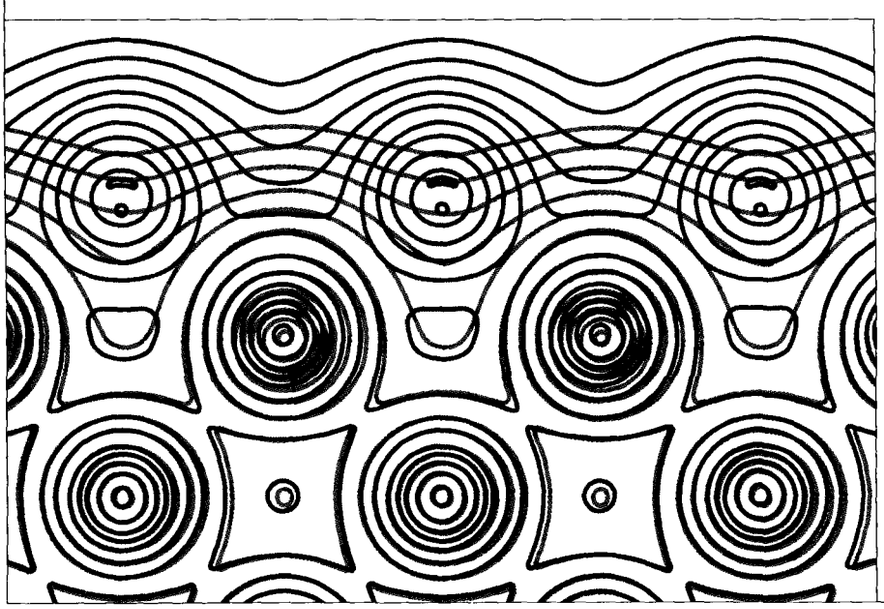


Figure 1: Energy distribution of electrons in outermost atomic layer. Shaded area indicates electrons in surface states.

Figure 2: Two electron density contour maps of the cross-section of a Cu(100) surface. One map shows a clean copper surface (lt. gray); the other shows a nitrogen-covered copper surface (dk. gray).

CONVENTIONAL scientific thought treats virtually all of the valence electrons found in the surface atomic layer of a metal as if they are free to roam throughout the metal's interior. The work of three physicists at the General Motors Research Laboratories suggests otherwise. Through calculations confirmed by experimental data, the theorists have shown that more than a quarter of the valence electrons in the top atomic layer of some metals are effectively trapped in the surface. The presence of so many "surface state" electrons must be considered when analyzing physical and chemical surface phenomena, including such surface events as oxidation leading to corrosion.



Drs. John Smith, Jack Gay and Frank Arlinghaus applied their theoretical analysis to the (100) surface of five metals: copper, nickel, silver, rhodium and palladium. They made bold predictions concerning the percentage of electrons in the surface atomic layer to be found in surface states: Cu(36%), Ni(23%), Ag(23%), Rh(23%) and Pd(19%). The ratio of the shaded area to the hatched area of figure 1 gives the percentage for copper.

Electrons in surface states are not only abundant, but also highly localized on the surface. Chemisorption on a metal is also confined to the surface region. Figure 2 shows what happens in the case of nitrogen chemisorbed on copper. The two contour maps coincide except in the surface layer, where the interaction is largely exhibited. Localization of the interaction holds for the chemisorption of other gases, including oxygen in the initial stage of metal oxidation. These observations led the physicists to conclude that surface states are important in chemisorption.

One way to probe electrons in surfaces is to chemisorb atoms on a clean metal surface and look for changes in photoemission spectra. Such an experiment was performed at GM for fractional monolayers of nitrogen, oxygen and sulfur on Cu(100). The dominant change in the photoemission spectrum was the disappearance of a large peak whose shape and

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energy location was independent of the chemisorbed atom. It was of special interest that the shape and energy location of this peak was nearly identical to the envelope around the surface state peaks in figure 1. This suggests that surface state electrons play a major role in the chemisorption process.

THE THEORETICAL advance at the heart of the discovery is the "Self-Consistent Local Orbital (SCLO) Method" for solving the Schrödinger equation. This new mathematical method was devised by the GM theorists to handle the classic dilemma posed by the self-consistency requirement. The characterization of electron behavior used to complete the equation must be consistent with the behavior predicted by the equation. In other words, one almost needs to know the answer in order to make the calculation.

Self-consistent solution of the equation for a metal surface is made exceedingly difficult by the three-dimensional nature of the electron density distribution. The theorists dealt with this challenge successfully by dividing the electron density distribution into two parts—the first part due to overlapping atomic density distributions; the second part equaling the difference between this atomic contribution and the exact density distribution.

One of the more stringent tests of the accuracy of the SCLO method was an angular photoemission experiment conducted by Heimann et al., at the University of Munich subsequent to publication of the GM research. The German research team confirmed a prominent surface state band predicted by the three GM physicists. This was the first time a surface state band on a solid had been calculated prior to its being seen experimentally. The SCLO method makes possible something that could not be done before—accurate prediction of the actual behavior of electrons whirling around nuclei at the surface of a metal.

"The large body of surface states we found on metal surfaces," says Dr. Smith, "may be a controlling factor in many physical and chemical surface phenomena. By replacing conjecture with calculation, the new surface theoretical methods give us the means to make major steps forward in the analysis of surface and interface properties."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Smith, Gay and Arlinghaus are theorists in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

John Smith (center) and Jack Gay (right) received doctorates in physics; Smith from Ohio State University and Gay from the University of Florida. Frank Arlinghaus received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

John Smith, leader of the GM solid state physics group, did postdoctoral work at the University of California in La Jolla. He joined General Motors in 1972. Frank Arlinghaus and Jack Gay joined the corporation in 1964 and 1965, respectively.

Each member of the team brings to the project a different expertise: Smith in surface physics, Gay in solid state theory, and Arlinghaus in bulk band structure calculations.

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production will result in unnecessary environmental damage and diminished access to public lands for such legitimate competing interests as ranching and farming. These groups remember that before 1970, coal companies locked up vast tracts of federal land in speculative ventures—at considerable cost to the Treasury, which got minimum bids for federal leases and no royalties at all on unmined coal. These groups also think that the proposed regulations violate the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976, which requires federally owned resources to be used in a manner consistent with conservation and environmental protection. Not trusting Watt's intentions, to say the least, they are prepared to sue to stop future coal leasing if public participation is cut out of the process. Indeed, on the eve of the Powder River Basin lease sale, the National Wildlife Federation asked a Federal Court to halt actual issuance of the leases on the grounds that the Department of the Interior's land-use planning was inadequate.

BUT THE STATES are also unhappy. The governors of Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico—all strongholds of the "Sagebrush Rebellion"—filed sharply negative comments when the proposals were published. Edward Herschler of Watt's home state complained, "All I ask as Governor of Wyoming is that we be treated fairly and be given accurate information and honest answers." Particularly objectionable to Herschler and other Western governors are the reduced opportunities for public input in leasing decisions and the relaxed diligence requirements. In a speech on the proposed new coal leasing program, Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado called the notion of having "the marketplace determine how public lands are managed" a "fundamental philosophical threat."

Finally, Watt has placed the private sector in a very difficult position. The more thoughtful business leaders—unlike Watt's spokesman and close friend, Douglas Baldwin, who noted recently, only half in jest, "We consider it a wasted day if [Watt] doesn't draw a demonstration by some environmental group"—realize that conflict is bad for development. They understand that it is unwise for industry to set its face against anything so popular as protecting the environment and the public's health and safety, and they recognize that whatever is gained by weakening regulation is apt to be lost in the resulting lawsuits and political confrontations. But caution forces most of these business leaders to quiet their voices, lest they alienate a "pro-business" Administration.

In recent testimony before a House Appropriations subcommittee, Watt said he wants to strengthen the economy, increase federal revenues, and reduce dependence on foreign sources of energy. But in his proposals, as distinct from his rhetoric, there are signs that these goals will not be allowed to interfere with the overriding ideological aim of getting government out of the management of public lands. Like President Reagan, Watt believes that industry is in a better position to decide what is good for the country than is the much-abused federal bureaucracy; and, paradoxically, he seems willing to defy even the exigencies of the market in his determination to lease off more and more public land. The return to the federal treasury would be far greater if coal leases were withheld until the demand for coal begins to approach the supply; and disposing of federal land at giveaway prices will do nothing to lead to increased production of coal. Industry will mine coal to meet the demands of the market, not the exhortations coming out of Washington. Unless Watt's coal leasing program is changed dramatically before it is issued in final form, we're likely to get another era of uncertainty, lawsuits, speculation, and (thanks to relaxed diligence requirements) slower development in the management of public lands.

EDWARD ABRAHAMS

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A cure-all that doesn't cure all.

DEUS EX MISSILES

ANTIAIRCRAFT MISSILES, antiship missiles, antitank missiles, antiradar missiles, and even antimissile missiles have been around for years now, but it is only quite recently that we have seen the emergence of the antidefense missile, aimed primarily at the defense budget. We are hearing a great deal about the virtues of antitank missiles: they cost only a few thousand dollars apiece and have what the trade calls high-kill probability. This being so, why should we spend nearly $3 million apiece for the M-1 tanks that the Army wants so badly, particularly as our opponents in combat have their own antitank missiles? The sinking of the HMS Sheffield in the Falklands war revived the naval version of this argument. Why build such expensive ships, costing hundreds of millions and even billions of dollars, when they can be sunk by "cheap" missiles costing only hundreds of thousands of dollars? In both versions the services are pictured as trying to foist upon us some sort of antiquated armored or maritime cavalry that will not only fail us in our hour of need, but will squander our treasure as well.

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It goes without saying that all institutions are conservative, that they will strive to perpetuate existing forms. And military institutions, with their rigid hierarchic structure, are even more conservative. Their tendency to reject the new should be taken for granted, especially when the old embodies the ethos of the institution, and the new makes its appearance in the guise of mere functionalism. The Army defended its beautiful horses against the ugly and soulless tank—until the tank too developed its own ethos, which now in turn evokes powerful loyalties against the sterile functionalism of the missile.

SINCE MILITARY conservatism is an inherent tendency, since it can be costly and may also place us in great danger, we should indeed be ready to intervene and impose change when it is needed. But perhaps nowadays the greater danger is the opposite: the tendency, at least in our society, to impose the "modern" before it can really do the job, and sometimes when it will not work at all. In our culture especially the "tech-fix" illusion is deep and wide, and it affects our armed forces as much as any other American institution. In Vietnam, "tech-fix" delusions were ruthlessly imposed on a mediocre military leadership by Robert McNamara; systems analysis and statistical body-counts displaced strategy, "manpower management" displaced leadership, and the servicing of hi-tech equipment (from multisensor barriers to "people sniffers") displaced tactics and the operational art of war. By such devices we compounded our defeat by costly and demoralizing absurdities.

A proper suspicion of military conservatism must therefore be balanced by a prudent attitude toward technological wizardry. In considering the true military worth of the antiship missile, for example, the first thing to note is that this is the third apparition of that weapon. In September 1943, the German Luftwaffe sunk the Italian battleship Roma and seriously damaged the Italia with the Fritz-X, the first effective air-launched antiship missile; since the Germans were about to deploy the even more effective HS-293 missile, the landings at Salerno, Anzio, and in Normandy ought logically to have resulted in huge losses of Allied shipping to those precursors of the Exocet. But in fact the Fritz-X was out of business by the end of 1943 and the HS-293 was withdrawn a few months later. Powerful indeed against warships that were unprepared for them, both missiles were easily neutralized by simple countermeasures—devices as "cheap" as the missiles themselves. (The Fritz-X and the HS-293 were radio-guided, gliding missiles, and these two qualities proved their undoing. The gliding required that the missile be launched from a particular distance from the target; once that envelope had been identified, Allied fighters turned it into a death trap for German planes. The radio-guidance provided the opportunity of jamming; once the frequencies were located and devices installed, the missiles quietly glided down into the sea.) The second apparition was all the more dramatic since the background was uncrowded by the events of a large war: on October 21, 1967, at a time when a cease-fire was in effect, the Israeli destroyer Elat was sunk by Styx missiles launched by Egyptian missile boats. Articles and editorials very much like those being printed nowadays proclaimed the virtues of Styx missiles and the hopeless vulnerability of all warships. But in fact the Styx was soon thereafter neutralized by relatively simple countermeasures. Six years after the sinking of the Elat, more than fifty Styx missiles were launched at Israeli ships during the October War: only one suffered very slight damage from a near-miss, and none at all were sunk.

Now that the Exocet has had its turn, we can anticipate two parallel developments: ample sales of that missile, and, concurrently, the swift development of countermeasures that will do to the Exocet what was done to the Fritz-X and the Styx. For there is one rule in strategy that is truly universal: nothing worthwhile comes cheaply. There are *no* cheap weapons that cannot be defeated by equally cheap countermeasures. The antiship missile is cheap because it is a single-purpose weapon; the warship is expensive because it has broad capabilities—and one way of using the space and weight, the sensors, power sources, and crew that a warship has to offer is to equip it with countermeasures against the antiship missile.

NATURALLY, the defender does not get off cheaply either: besides the direct cost of jamming devices, antimissile weapons, and so on, there is a definite loss of offensive capability for every addition to a ship's defenses. Eventually the point will be reached when the procedure will no longer be worthwhile, when defenses against missiles and other weapons will take up so much of the warship's capacity that it will become more trouble than it is worth. But it will not be a "cheap" missile such as the Exocet that will put the surface warship out of business but some more versatile and far more costly weapon—still, for now, a distant prospect. To be sure, American carrier task forces must already contend with a real Soviet missile threat. But that threat comes not from a few cheap missiles but from hundreds of rather costly weapons, launched from dozens of still more costly nuclear-powered submarines and naval bombers—and so far the balance is still favorable to the carrier forces, if properly equipped and trained (unless nuclear weapons are used against them—but then, of course, land bases would be even more vulnerable). The point is that at this interim stage in the evolution of naval weapons, it would be as foolish to abandon the large warship as to fail to provide it with proper defenses against antiship weapons, old and new.

The antitank argument is an old story, but it has

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recently acquired an entirely new and larger dimension because it has been invoked by the proponents of a "no-first-use" nuclear policy for NATO. The Soviet Army consists largely of armored forces, organized, equipped, and trained to carry out deep penetrations at high speed, in a modern and more powerful version of the blitzkrieg. NATO's declared readiness to use tactical nuclear weapons is meant to deter a Soviet armored offensive which could not reliably be defeated by the alliance's nonnuclear forces, if only because the latter are widely distributed while the Soviet Army could concentrate its divisions in a few powerful mailed fists to mount a surprise offensive. (And if a gradually escalating crisis provided enough warning for NATO to reinforce and deploy properly, this would be offset by the fact that the Soviet Union could mobilize many more divisions.)

THAT IS THE setting in which the humble antitank missile now enters, stage left, as a strategic solution to NATO's problem: it is no longer necessary to deter a (nonnuclear) Soviet offensive by tactical nuclear means, because with enough antitank missiles NATO forces could defeat a Soviet blitzkrieg. There is no doubt whatever that today's antitank missiles can indeed destroy tanks. It is also true that the cost ratio between a modern tank and the best antitank missile system, the TOW, is roughly one hundred to one, and even the cheapest armored vehicle costs several times as much as the TOW. Thus NATO could certainly deploy many antitank missiles for each Soviet tank, especially if it gave up its own costly tanks. With hard facts like these on their side, it is not surprising that so many arms-control advocates, Members of Congress, and journalists have concluded that the tank in particular and armored forces in general are today's cavalry, perpetuated only by bureaucratic sentimentalism.

But strategy is more complicated than bookkeeping, because it has multiple dimensions. In a technical context, when the antitank missile is tested on the proving ground against a target of armor plate, the missile wins; but in a tactical context, where the missile crew must operate under enemy fire, or are unable to exploit the weapon's long range because of intervening obstacles or just smoke, the high-kill probabilities theoretically achievable are drastically reduced. In an operational context, where the total forces of both sides enter the picture, the antitank missile is finally reduced from a panacea to the more modest role of an adjunct to older antitank measures, including mines, terrain obstacles, antitank guns, and above all other tanks—the last having the huge advantage of being able to move about under fire to do their job. But it is at the level of theater strategy that the delusion is finally exposed, for then we find that the cheap and abundant antitank missile will in fact be grossly outnumbered by the costly armored vehicle, for the latter can be concentrated in narrow-deep columns while the antitank missiles must be distributed all across the frontage established by the chosen NATO strategy, thus being immobile if dug in, or vulnerable to artillery if not. Of course, the antitank missile can also be made mobile, indeed, much more mobile than any armored vehicle, by the simple expedient of providing a helicopter to carry the missiles and its firing crew—but then, of course, the weapon will no longer be cheap, and will in fact cost many times as much as the average armored vehicle. If we are more modest, and merely seek to equal the mobility of armored forces in order to be able to match enemy concentrations with our own, we must provide a cross-country vehicle for our missile, and then armor to protect its crew. Next we would find that the missile-firing armored vehicle will usually be inferior to gun-armored vehicles: guns have a much higher rate of fire and, moreover, the new "Chobham" armor of the latest tanks is very effective in stopping the hollow-charge warheads of missiles, while tank guns rely primarily on high-velocity shots that destroy armor by plain kinetic energy—and the new armor is as vulnerable to them as the old. Having wrapped our antitank missile in armor and given it cross-country mobility, we would then find it advantageous to replace or supplement the missile launcher with a gun—and we would thus reinvent the tank.

EDWARD LUTTWAK

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Teenage sex becomes a federal case.

THE SQUEAL SQUAWK

EUNICE KENNEDY SHRIVER stood up for parents on the Op-Ed page of *The Washington Post* recently. In a piece entitled "Yes, Parents Should Know," she supported the Health and Human Services Department's proposed rule to require that federally funded family planning clinics notify the parents of minors to whom they are providing prescription contraceptives. Parents ought to be told what health risks their children are being exposed to, Mrs. Shriver argued. Even more important, the rule would "expand and strengthen the support system of the family." It would "give parents the chance to decide the course of action they will take when they are aware of their children's sexual lives." Citing statistics which show that adolescent mothers are better off when they have help from their families, and speaking from her own experience as a counselor of teenage girls and a mother of five,

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Mrs. Shriver wrote that the "squeal rule," as it has been called, would relieve girls of having to endure pregnancy "alone and in secret."

Mrs. Shriver was voicing a concern felt by growing numbers of parents. Each year one million teenage girls become pregnant. If current trends persist, four out of ten girls who turned fourteen last year will become pregnant before they're twenty, despite the availability of contraceptives; two out of ten will give birth. Adolescent sexual activity has increased—more than half again as many teenagers have sex as did in 1970—more than three times as many families are headed by single mothers today. Statistics like these give the Administration's call for a fresh approach, one whose central mission is to strengthen the American family, a welcome ring to even the most liberated parental ears. It becomes easier to remember the virtues of parental authority when we consider the results of permissiveness. It is hard to understand why parents, who bear the emotional and financial consequences of their children's actions, should not be informed of an important decision relating to an important action. Government, Mrs. Shriver wrote (and who can disagree with her?), should "give parents the chance to communicate with and support their children."

IF MANDATORY notification is meant to be part of a first-aid kit for the American family, however, it is more of a moral Band-Aid—and an ineffective and painful one at that—than a healing balm. Mrs. Shriver's arguments for the proposed rule, which echo the Administration's, reveal much well-meaning intent and a distorted view of reality. Mandatory notification is more likely to deter girls from using the clinics than to benefit girls who come home to find their parents reading a government notice announcing that their daughter has obtained birth control.

The argument Mrs. Shriver and the Health and Human Services Department advance first, and the one they rely upon to arouse parental anxieties, is that contraceptives pose a threat to the health of American children. Don't parents have a right, they ask, to know when their children are being exposed to such dangers? Seen in the context of other alternatives, though, the Administration's list of hazards looks more alarmist than alarming. Citing statistics for the Pill which apply only to women age 30 and over who smoke, and stressing the dangers of the intrauterine device, which is rarely prescribed for adolescents, Secretary of Health and Human Services Richard S. Schweiker and Marjory Mecklenburg, head of Adolescent Pregnancy Programs, present misleading figures about the dangers contraceptives pose for the average teenager.

The Planned Parenthood Federation, which receives federal funds (under Title X of the Public Health Service Act) and so is obligated to enforce the rule, serves 177,000 minors through its nearly 700 clinics. What Schweiker's numbers do not show, and what Planned Parenthood has pointed out, is that teenage maternity is more dangerous than any of the prescribed forms of contraception. For every 100,000 smoking users of the Pill there are 1.4 deaths, and the rate is even lower for nonsmokers. But for every 100,000 teenagers who give birth to live babies, 11.1 die. The department's vigilant concern for children's health disappears, moreover, when it comes to penicillin—which has a mortality rate of 2 per 100,000, and which H.H.S. routinely and confidentially dispenses to any minor with venereal disease.

EVEN MORE SKEWED than the numbers H.H.S. uses to show how mandatory notification will reduce health risks for teenagers is the logic it uses to defend the measure itself. The premise behind mandatory notification, like that underlying Secretary Schweiker's other efforts to get the government out of what he has called "the sex education business," is that adolescent knowledge of human sexuality causes adolescent promiscuity. No evidence has yet been offered that can support this premise. Although it is true that increased use of Planned Parenthood clinics (in 1980 alone visits to clinics rose 15 percent) has occurred at the same time as the increase in adolescent sexual activity, no one has yet been able to prove that the first leads to the second. Indeed, a June report by the Alan Guttmacher Institute found that sex education in schools does not promote promiscuity in teenagers, and may even discourage teenage pregnancy. Planned Parenthood does not introduce teenagers to sex: girls who come to its clinics have been having sex for an average of nine months (a striking but probably coincidental figure) before their first visit. Keeping girls in the dark will not protect them; on the contrary, ignorance is a primary cause of unwanted pregnancies. In a New York group of unwed teenage mothers on welfare, more than half said they had no knowledge of birth control devices. Only one in ten had used any form of contraception before her first child was born.

Current H.H.S. policy, Schweiker suggested in a press release announcing the proposed rule, creates a "Berlin Wall" between parents and children. In its case for removing the wall, H.H.S. makes the same kind of backward argument as Jerry Falwell makes in his defense of the proposed constitutional amendment for

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Lewis Simons on Afghanistan.

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prayer in public schools. There, Falwell maintains, government intervenes in the practice of religion by not providing voluntary prayer in the classroom, and so denying kids their freedom to pray; here, Schweiker maintains, the government intervenes in the life of the family when it does not intervene to announce that children have requested birth control. Schweiker and his supporters are basing their assertions on a kind of Panglossian image of American families which rarely, if ever, occurs in reality. In the best of all possible families, yes, parents should know the details of their children's sexual activities; but then, in the best of all possible families, the child would tell her parents of her own accord without coercion from the government. In a family where the child has already chosen to have sex without telling her parents, how will a letter in the mail announcing the fact improve family relations? Anyone who has ever had a teenager or been one knows, to use Schweiker's image, that the receipt of such an announcement would be the barbed wire on top of the Berlin Wall.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE but true that there are many families in which children are well advised not to discuss their sexual activity with their parents. Planned Parenthood is right: in a society of changing sexual mores, Schweiker's rule turns the clock back. It is impossible to restore innocence. The girl who chooses to go to a clinic for contraceptives is a girl who is making a responsible step toward autonomy; Schweiker's rule squeezes her back into a child role which she has obviously, out of necessity or premature choice, outgrown. Whether the rule will turn only 4 percent of girls who want prescription contraceptives away from clinics, as H.H.S. maintains, or whether it turns away as many as 25 percent, as Planned Parenthood maintains, one thing is certain: more unwanted pregnancies, more abortions, and more births will result. Mecklenburg says that in the long run the rule will decrease adolescent sexual activity; in the short run, according to George Ryan, president of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, one of eight major medical organizations to oppose the proposed rule, mandatory notification will cause 100,000 additional pregnancies—and up to 50,000 abortions. The squeal rule not only squeals, but squeals inequitably—on girls, who are the only ones to use prescription contraceptives, and particularly on poor girls, who will not have the choice of turning to private physicians who offer confidential prescriptions. At best it will create a division where there wasn't one (Planned Parenthood has traditionally served a wide range of people, with a large percentage of its users coming from middle income groups); at worst the rule will create a full-fledged, two-tiered system of adolescent health care. A 1981 study by the New York City Human Resources Administration found that teenage pregnancies were one of the primary precipitating factors leading economically marginal women to seek public assistance. Mandatory notification will surely only expand the rolls of those receiving AFDC money—half of AFDC's budget already goes to families in which the mothers gave birth as teenagers—and increase the speed at which the feminization of poverty occurs.

PLANNED PARENTHOOD, for its part, is scarcely blameless. The organization, which is the main opponent of mandatory notification, has in its pop sex lib approach to sex education and family planning services often contributed to the case of the measure's supporters. Although Planned Parenthood has toned down a bit, and now presents itself as a paragon of family planning moderation—citing in its own defense a long list of its parental involvement programs and its wide (1.5 million) distribution of booklets with titles like "Teensex? It's Okay to Say No Way"—its occasional enthusiastic excesses have earned it as many enemies as friends. Events like this year's "National Condom Week," described in scathing detail in Richard A. Viguerie's *New Right Report*, are particularly self-defeating. If Planned Parenthood wants to protect its honorable policy of confidentiality with minors, it will have to work harder to divest itself of its "free sex" image, which could make it seem fatally passé.

During the two-month comment period which followed the proposed rule's February 22 publication in the Federal Register, H.H.S. received more than 40,000 letters, which reportedly opposed the rule eight to one. Schweiker and Mecklenburg say, however, that no decision on whether the rule will be read into law will be made until the fall, and insist that the letters will only be one of several factors in their decision. "For some reason," Mecklenburg comments, "people seem to think this is a vote. It isn't." She makes no predictions about H.H.S.'s decision, but does speak of "finalizing the rule." How long the rule will stay on the books, or whether it will be implemented, remains to be seen. Representative Henry A. Waxman of California, who wrote the Compromise Family Planning Bill passed last summer, contends—and many agree with him—that the rule deliberately ignores the bill's language and intent. Recipients of Title X funds, the bill reads, should "encourage"—not mandate—family participation. If mandatory notification becomes law, Planned Parenthood plans to challenge it in court as a violation of congressional intent. Its clinics will continue to offer confidential prescriptions for contraceptives to teenagers, at the risk of losing the $30 million a year they receive in Title X funding. Responsible parents ought not to let their objections to Planned Parenthood's promotional tactics prevent them from joining the organization in its fight against this unfair and counterproductive measure.

AMITY SHLAES

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Is it too late to help El Salvador save itself?

THE UNMAKING OF A LAND REFORM

BY ROY L. PROSTERMAN

ON JULY 28 Ronald Reagan will make one of the most fateful decisions of his Presidency. He must decide whether or not to certify to Congress that El Salvador is making "continued progress" in implementing land reform. If he does not, all military aid to El Salvador must be immediately suspended—and the forty to fifty U.S. military advisers withdrawn—until a certification can be made. But if the President does certify "continued progress," he may forfeit the last, slender chance of a future for El Salvador that is not dictated in the short run by the violent right—and in the long run by the violent left.

Unhappily, the fact is that under the far-right coalition that gained control of El Salvador's Constituent Assembly in the wake of the March 28 elections, there has been extensive regression, not "continued progress," in the land reform program. A simple certification of "continued progress" on land reform, therefore, would be improper. Worse, it would sharply increase the chances of an executive-congressional confrontation and a cutoff of aid that would be both general—economic as well as military—and irreversible. A series of graduated actions, rather than either simple certification or total cutoff, offers the best hope for both peace and reform. There are forces in El Salvador which might still be rallied to save the process and assure the peasants land and dignity.

When the dictatorship of Carlos Humberto Romero was ousted in 1979, El Salvador had the worst land-tenure problem in Latin America. A third of the country's total population—more than two-thirds of its agricultural population—consisted of families that made their living on land that was not their own. The landless were divided almost equally between roughly 150,000 families of agricultural laborers who worked for a daily wage and a further 150,000 tenant families who paid yearly rent for a piece of land.

In its high proportion of landless, El Salvador resembled a whole series of twentieth-century societies that had been convulsed by revolutions in which the insurgent rank and file had been recruited chiefly from among such tenant and agricultural-laborer families. This had been true in the Mexican, Russian, Chinese, Cuban, and Vietnamese revolutions, as well as in upheavals in Bolivia, Ethiopia, and elsewhere. (In South Vietnam, a land reform was finally carried out in the early 1970s—years too late—that gave ownership to almost a million tenant families. Vietcong recruitment in the South declined from seven thousand to one thousand men a month, although land reform could do nothing about the divisions by then coming down from the North. Ironically, the reform is still in place, since the Communists have been unwilling to risk the agricultural and political repercussions of forced collectivization in the South.)

Add a century-old land grab from the traditional Salvadoran smallholders; the bloody repression of a 1932 uprising that tried to get the land back, in which between seven thousand and thirty thousand people were killed in a few weeks, out of a population a third as large as today's; an election stolen from a center-left coalition led by José Napoleón Duarte and the Christian Democrats in 1972; an unkept promise of land reform under the Molina government in 1975; a steadily growing revolutionary left, committing assassinations and kidnappings and organizing increasingly large public demonstrations; and, finally, a tremendous pressure of population on land, with more people per square mile than in India. It was clear on October 15, 1979, when the first mixed civilian-military junta replaced the ousted Romero regime, that land reform was essential and time was short.

Although that junta counted Guillermo Manuel Ungo (now head of the FDR, the umbrella organization of the left) among its members, and even gave the agrarian-reform agency to the Communists, the revolutionary left was unwilling to allow it a period of grace. Assassinations, bombings, and demonstrations continued. On October 30, just two weeks after the junta took power, Alan Riding reported in *The New York Times:* "The latest wave of political violence to convulse El Salvador appears to reflect a decision by extreme leftist groups to undermine the authority of the country's new Government before it can gain popular support."

When the first junta fell apart, the Christian Democrats agreed to join a second one, but only on the condition that the promised reforms, especially land

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reform, be quickly decreed. A massive demonstration called by the left for January 22, 1980, brought one hundred thousand people into the streets of San Salvador, mostly landless peasants trucked in from the countryside. Most observers expected the junta to fail. Duarte, interviewed shortly before he entered the government, said it was "going to be very difficult" to prevent a massive civil war that would kill hundreds of thousands of people.

EL SALVADOR'S major peasant organization is the one-hundred-thousand member Unión Comunal Salvadoreña. The UCS, which is committed to change by nonviolent, democratic means and steadfastly opposes the violent left, agreed to support the last-ditch effort to achieve reform. In a virtually unprecedented step, the peasants were given a direct voice. The head of the UCS—José Rodolfo Viera, an exceptional peasant leader with a fourth-grade formal education—became head of the land reform agency, too. I got involved soon after, when Viera asked Michael Hammer of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), an AFL-CIO affiliate that had been providing the UCS with technical assistance since its inception, to give him technical advice on the draft land-reform law he had been handed by the junta. Hammer asked me to provide the advice. With Hammer and a colleague, Mary Temple, I made eight trips to El Salvador between February and October of 1980, working with the UCS and Viera and with government officials to whom they sent us, including the junta and its individual members. In late spring Mark Pearlman, a former student of mine at the University of Washington Law School who had worked on rural poverty problems, joined the AIFLD staff in El Salvador as a legal consultant.

On January 3, 1981, José Rodolfo Viera, Michael Hammer, and Mark Pearlman were murdered by the far right in the coffee shop of the San Salvador Sheraton. Since that day I have not returned to El Salvador, but I have kept in touch with the UCS and AIFLD through regular meetings in the U.S. My role, though affording me a close-up view of the reform process, has been that of technical adviser to the UCS; the reform is very much a Salvadoran product, which has its roots in a draft law prepared at the University of San Salvador in 1971.

It was clearly desirable that land reform should come through nonrevolutionary means. A civil war with a toll proportionate to that of 1932 could mean up to one hundred thousand deaths. If the extreme right won, it would mean brutality and no reform. If the extreme left won, it would mean political repression not significantly less than that under previous dictatorships, and a "land reform" that would almost certainly impose collectivization upon the unwilling peasants. The reforms finally promulgated on March 6 and April 28, 1980, represented an historic effort—like the great postwar land reforms of Japan, Taiwan, and South Korea—to provide an alternative.

On March 6, 1980, the new junta decreed the Basic Law of Agrarian Reform, establishing a three-phase program. It also issued an implementing decree for Phase I which provided for expropriation, with payment chiefly in bonds, of all estates over 500 hectares, or 1,235 acres. Largely completed by July 1980, this process has taken 326 big estates, containing 12 percent of all cropland. By the end of 1981 Phase I had benefited some fifty thousand families. Organized into cooperatives, they comprised about one-third of all who had made their living as hired agricultural workers. At the same time, Phase II, which would have affected 1,700 medium-sized estates of 247 to 1,235 acres that were worked with hired laborers, was deferred (on the dubious rationale that this would maintain production).

But on April 28 the junta promulgated Decree 207 to implement the most important part of the land reform program—Phase III, the land-to-the-tiller program. Decree 207 enforces the Basic Law's prohibition of the indirect exploitation of land. This decree provided that all land farmed by tenants or sharecroppers be immediately and automatically expropriated for in-place transfer to the individual tenant cultivators, regardless of the total size of the former landlords' holding. A regulation was to be enacted within thirty days to start the much lengthier process leading to the issuance of actual deeds, and to govern the process by which the new owners would gradually repay the government for the land. Individual beneficiaries could claim a maximum of seventeen acres (only about one tenant out of twenty-five farmed more than that).

THE PEASANTS were told, through constant government radio publicity and by four hundred peasant promoters trained by the UCS, that the land they were on was theirs, that there were no remaining landlord property rights, that they were to stop paying rent, and that the harvest was theirs to sell or eat. The farmer remained on the same piece of land, maintaining the existing units. In all these senses, Decree 207 went about as far in the direction of being "self-implementing" as a legislative enactment by itself could go, though a confirmatory titling process was recognized as important and expected. The lands affected by Phase III represented a further 17 to 21 percent of all cropland, with all of the roughly 150,000 former tenant families on these lands as beneficiaries.

Phases I and III together took between 29 and 33 percent of cropland. The unimplemented Phase II was far less significant; it affected barely half as much cropland, half of which, in turn, the owners would have been allowed to retain anyway. The two implemented phases benefited some two hundred thousand families. This was about two-thirds of El Salvador's landless people, about half of all agricultural families,

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and nearly one-quarter of the total population. By any objective standard, it was a major land reform.

The reform was almost instantly successful in a political sense, and the agricultural results—contrary to a great deal of cant, mostly from the far right but some from the left—were highly satisfactory. The far left had brought a hundred thousand into the streets of San Salvador in January 1980; it could muster fewer than two thousand on May Day. Three unsuccessful "general strikes" in the summer were followed by a similarly unsuccessful "final offensive" in January 1981. As Alan Riding noted in the *Times* on February 8, 1981, the far left had "apparently miscalculated the impact on the peasants of land reforms decreed by the junta in March. There was no popular uprising."

The right argued that the land reform was disastrous for agricultural production. In fact, although production on the Phase I estates (according to estimates made by a team led by a distinguished agricultural economist, Don Paarlberg of Purdue University) was down about 10 percent from pre-reform levels in the 1980-1981 agricultural year, it recovered to at least 10 percent *above* pre-reform levels in 1981-1982. There are no separate figures for ex-tenanted small holdings, but the U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that production of the basic small-holder crop—corn—was actually up marginally from pre-reform levels in 1980-1981, then fell to around 7 percent below the pre-reform level in 1981-1982—a year, however, in which there were significant efforts to erode beneficiary rights.

THE REAL PRODUCTIVITY problems arose on the Phase II estates. Though these had only 15 to 20 percent of total cropland, much less than the two implemented phases of the reform, they included 30 to 40 percent of both cotton and coffee land, and about 20 percent of sugarcane land—not the lion's share of export-crop land (not the 65 percent or 88 percent of coffeeland some have alleged), but enough to make a strong negative impact on overall farm production. This was the fault not of implementing land reform, but of failing to implement it: the Phase II lands were in limbo, with neither new owners motivated enough nor old owners secure enough to farm them.

One index of the reform's general success was the increasingly strident verbal assault on it, both from the old landlords and the far right and from those who sympathized with the guerrillas. The real problems were virtually ignored in these partisan attacks. One of those problems was a long delay in the regulations for issuing formal titles, a delay fostered partly by a belief that the Reagan victory would mean the end of the program, partly by bureaucratic infighting, partly by the elite's resistance to cooperation with Viera and other "pushy peasants," and partly by the U.S. Agency for International Development's failure to move quickly in providing technical assistance. When regulations finally appeared in March 1981, the process was in many ways inadequate. The delays in titling encouraged resistance from ex-landlords, who carried out a spate of illegal evictions with sometimes murderous help from allies in the local security forces. Compensation to ex-owners was also slow.

THE BUREAUCRATIC logjam in El Salvador began to break up only when it became clear that both the new Administration (as confirmed in President Reagan's March 6, 1981, press conference) and the new Congress supported the land reform. As insurance, House and Senate committees approved an amendment requiring certification of continued progress on land reform and on ending human rights abuses as a condition of continued military aid.

By the period between March and November 1981, ex-tenant applications for title were being received at a rate of around 3,500 per month, and close to 2,000 a month were being processed into provisional titles. Evictions slowed, and at the same time compensation to the former owners of the big Phase I estates began to move rapidly. The new land-reform agency administering Phase III prepared 1982 goals under which 50,000 applications would be received, 35,000 provisional titles issued, and 12,000 final titles distributed.

As 1982 began, cooperation by the government with the peasant organizations was finally improving. There seemed to be increasing acceptance of the reality of the land reforms in various sectors of Salvadoran society that had been equivocal or hostile, and AID was at last ready to send its first major technical-assistance team—still not on permanent assignment, but at least for a stay of six weeks. The remaining problems seemed soluble.

Then came the consequences of the March 28 elec-

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tions, almost certainly unforeseen and unintended by the mass of the voters. Although D'Aubuisson's ARENA party and the traditional right-wing PCN party had both campaigned for land reform (D'Aubuisson made a point of asking peasant audiences, "Have you received your title yet?"), this pose was quickly dropped after the balloting. Both in its administration and at the hands of the ARENA-PCN coalition in the Constituent Assembly, the land reform has suffered severely. Indeed, in relation to what the voters were led to expect, what has happened is a betrayal—even a virtual coup d'état.

An Assembly Decree of April 26, 1982, made any future implementation of Phase II essentially impossible without a constitutional amendment, by removing the legal basis for any new land expropriation measures. Phase I co-ops found themselves (after appointments of hostile officials to key posts in the Ministry of Agriculture) under intense pressure to accept new "managers." The latter have commonly indicated that credit will be contingent on support for the far right—thus threatening to restore the political dominance of the *patróns* and their hangers-on. Half of all co-ops remain without credit, though the planting season is nearly over. Technical support and other services to the co-ops have been virtually dismantled.

The following numbers are one, but only one, reflection of what has happened to Phase III, land-to-the-tiller. They relate to four periods, showing totals and estimated rates per month:

	Applications Taken	Provisional Titles Distributed	Final Titles Distributed
March 1, 1981 to November 31, 1981	30,873 (3,430)	16,144 (1,794)	0
December 1, 1981 to March, 28, 1982	4,573 (1,143)	11,071 (2,768)	0
March 29, 1982 to May 28, 1982	1,305 (653)	3,000 (1,500)	0
May 29, 1982 to June 28, 1982	105 (105)	1,225 (1,225)	103 (103)

(Parentheses show rates per month)

Evictions are harder to estimate. A rough figure would be perhaps 5,000 during 1981, with another 2,000 during 1982 up to the March 28 elections; since the elections, evictions have skyrocketed. At the end of May, just two months after the elections, the UCS estimated 9,600 new evictions among provisional titleholders alone, and was able quickly to come up with a name-and-place list of 3,604 such evicted titleholders just among its own members. The land reform agency has a largely nonoverlapping list of 3,412, based mostly on reports from unaffiliated peasants. An even larger number of beneficiaries have probably been evicted among the 75 to 80 percent who have not yet received provisional titles.

In the past month, there have been claims of as many as 1,800 "restorations" of evicted families by the army, which (as distinct from the local security forces) has generally supported the reform. But it appears there have been an even greater number of new evictions, and that at least half of those restored have been evicted again. Shirley Christian of *The Miami Herald* reports being taken to one large holding to see the restoration of eight evicted beneficiaries by the army. By asking a few questions, she learned that another ninety-nine evicted families were not being restored. She returned on her own the next day, and found that all eight "restored" families had been thrown out by the Policia Naciónal. On another occasion, she reports, a scheduled restoration of several evicted families was halted when the *patrón* turned out to be a high official close to D'Aubuisson and the far right. Such incidents, it appears, are all too typical.

PROGRESS IN TAKING applications slowed during the election campaign, partly because more administrative energy was put into getting out provisional titles. But since March 28 applications have virtually halted, and the provisional titling that is going on relates almost entirely to the pre-election backlog. Provisional title-holders have received 103 final titles, but at least one hundred times that number have been illegally evicted. "Restorations" of evicted families still run far behind evictions and are of dubious effectiveness.

The fact that peasants have stopped applying for land is the most obvious sign of their declining faith in the reality of the program. Applications have been discouraged by the overhanging threat of eviction, the appointment of hostile administrators, and the adoption in late May by the Constituent Assembly of two decrees which the Salvadoran government describes as "temporarily suspending the effect" of Decree 207. President Alvaro Magaña's original draft permitted the renting out only of cotton and sugarcane lands; in the Assembly, ARENA and PCN added "grain" and "cattle" lands—i.e., almost everything. There are still technical arguments over exactly what the suspension entails, but even on the most sanguine reading the new decrees create enormous administrative barriers to achieving any given level of titling or beneficiary protection. (A pending draft of administrative regulations might conceivably reduce the damage, but still needs to be significantly improved, promulgated, and then implemented.) Six months ago, two hundred thousand families could view themselves as genuine

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beneficiaries of the reform process. That number has, at least for the moment, shrunk to less than fifty thousand.

For all these reasons, a simple July 28 certification of "continued progress" on land reform would be insupportable. But there are clearly forces within El Salvador that could rally to save the reform, assuring the peasants a secure livelihood and a stake in their society, and averting the renewed prospect of all-out civil war. Christopher Dickey reported on July 7 in *The Washington Post* on the prevalent support for the reform among officers in the army, together with the general unpopularity of D'Aubuisson among his ex-colleagues: "The agrarian reform is seen by these officers not only as a key to more U.S. aid and needed political support among the peasants but as a declaration of independence from the old landed oligarchy." Magaña is considered close to the army, and is likely to respond to any signals from pro-reform officers; there are enough Christian Democratic deputies, moreover, to sustain a Magaña veto of any further attacks by the Constituent Assembly.

THE SALVADORANS can, of course, do anything they want to their reform. By the same token, the United States can do anything it wants to its military and economic aid; the United States is not obligated to support a regime skidding toward self-destruction. Certification alone would offer no leverage for improved performance; indeed, the antireform forces might be encouraged to complete their work. Moreover, such certification could well trigger a confrontation with Congress that would lead to a complete cutoff of aid to El Salvador, with little hope of restoration. That, too, would offer little leverage.

Assuming that the goal is to restore the reform—rather than to foreclose all hope of nonviolent redress of peasant grievances and thereby to catalyze a civil war that could well kill another hundred thousand people—what can be done?

Noncertification would suspend military aid as of July 28. Final approval of an amendment proposed by Christopher Dodd and Nancy Kassebaum (adopted 12 to 0 by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on May 26) would leave military and economic support for the fiscal year starting October 1 at a combined level of $66 million rather than the requested $166 million. Another provision of that amendment would suspend all aid after October 1 if El Salvador was found to have modified or suspended any provision of the Phase I or Phase III program to the detriment of the beneficiaries or potential beneficiaries. A similar provision, added by the House Foreign Affairs Committee on July 15, now puts nearly identical conditions on the $100 million in economic support funds which the Administration proposes to obligate to El Salvador before October 1 under its Caribbean Basin Initiative.

There are numerous possible permutations and combinations of graduated action. Here is one possible line of executive-congressional cooperation:

First, the Administration would indicate on July 28 that it could not yet certify "continued progress," thus suspending new military aid as of that date. Even a suspension of very short duration might shock the Salvadoran authorities into acting quickly to turn the situation around.

Second, Congress, for its part, would wait until after Labor Day to act on the Dodd-Kassebaum Amendment, continuing the $100-million aid cut if certification were still impossible, but otherwise restoring it.

Third, even if the full $166 million were thus appropriated, a series of conditions would be laid down by Congress (possibly in the form of Committee report language acceded to by the executive) for actual disbursement of the restored $100 million during the next fiscal year. Those conditions would require that land reform was progressing at rates sufficient to reach the goals initially envisioned by Salvador's land-reform agency for 1982—that is, 50,000 applications to be received and 35,000 provisional and 12,000 final titles issued. The conditions should also require that evictions be ended and restoration be proceeding effectively.

Fourth, similar conditions could be laid down for the $80 million in Salvador funds in the Caribbean Basin Initiative that do not help finance the land reform itself. The $80 million could be obligated now, but not disbursed except in accordance with the conditions.

ANOTHER ALTERNATIVE might be for the Administration to work out with the congressional leadership some form of "conditional" certification, clearly avowing the facts but asking Congress to withhold insistence on the immediate noncertification those facts would otherwise warrant. In return, the Administration would reach agreement with the Salvadorans to meet the goals described above, with aid disbursements to be proportionate to actual achievement. Depending on the timing of such an agreement and interim progress under it, Congress could act on Dodd-Kassebaum either to continue or to restore the aid cuts. (It would complement all such graduated actions by the U.S. if other donors, such as Venezuela and the Inter-American Development Bank, were to similarly condition their aid, rather than simply continuing or flatly terminating it.)

Again, for the President to certify "continued progress" in the absence of such arrangements would be improper and unwise. No matter what Mr. Reagan does, however, Congress could still take the measured steps I have outlined. Only a mature political exercise along these or similar lines—certainly not an unwarranted "certification," followed by an historic executive-legislative clash—holds out the hope that El Salvador's government can be persuaded to draw back from the brink.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Paris, Two Views

In 1971 an interviewer asked the French director Jean-Pierre Melville whether he would like to see his *Bob le Flambeur* (1955) reissued. Melville said: "No . . . I don't see the point. . . . If I ever find my real script for *Bob le Flambeur* I shall remake it. . . ." Melville died in 1973. His film now arrives here.

Bob le Flambeur
(Triumph Films)

La Vie Continue
(Columbia Pictures)

I don't imply treachery. Directors, at least as much as most people, speak grandiloquently in interviews. I'm glad that *Bob le Flambeur* is now being shown —for the U.S., it's a premiere—but more because it draws attention to Melville than because of the film itself. His remark shows at least some dissatisfaction with the picture, and on the basis of my knowledge of Melville, which is enforcedly small, I can see why. *Bob le Flambeur* is one of his several attempts to do a Parisian version of an American crime film, relying on atmospherics and on characterizations that are more posterlike than profound. It shows clearly that Melville's chief interest in crime was as a vehicle for style, but it's precisely on stylistic ground that *Bob* wavers. This film nevertheless also shows why, along with Melville's three previous features, he had a notable influence on the New Wave that was then a-borning.

His real patronymic was Grumbach; he was a Parisian Jew of Alsatian origin. He changed the name to Melville, he said, out of admiration for the author, who was only one of his many American admirations. Melville—J.-P.—became one of those figures, familiar in every art, who are not well-known to the public but who function as minor deities to at least some of their fellow artists, especially in their own countries. Born in 1917 and mad about films even as a small child, he began work after World War II, working on that proverbial, ever-available shoestring, doing his own producing and writing and art direction. His second film, in 1947, was made from Cocteau's novel *Les Enfants Terribles* at Cocteau's own suggestion after he saw Melville's first film, which says something—if something still needs to be said—about Cocteau's perception. (Melville thought there was a second reason: Cocteau wanted to launch his "new discovery," Edouard Dhermitte.) Melville acted, too: he played a leading role in his third film, *Deux Hommes dans Manhattan*, and sometimes played in other people's films. For instance, he's the novelist who is interviewed in Godard's *Breathless*. (Which picture also contains a reference to *Bob le Flambeur*. At one point Michel asks whether he can borrow money from Bob Montagné—the full name of Melville's protagonist—and is told that Bob is in jail.) Melville was too old to be an "official" member of the New Wave, but they admired him because, among other reasons, he was one of the first Frenchmen to respond to the sheerly cinematic qualities of the best American popular film and because he had a passion for the realities of Paris life and atmosphere. The best aspect of *Bob le Flambeur* is its capture of Montmartre streets and cafés.

Still the film disappoints. Partly this is because Bob the Gambler is thinly played; it needed a French William Powell, and Roger Duchesne doesn't nearly fill the bill. Partly it's because, after the excellent opening shot of Paris, the look of the film becomes commonplace. Henri Decaë, who collaborated often with Melville, did better photography for him elsewhere. The *use* of the camera is always deft; the look of the frame is often commonplace. And partly it's because the script degenerates from genre exaltation to genre exploitation, from (say) Dashiell Hammett to Damon Runyon. It ends as one more "perfect crime" story with a trick finish. It's noteworthy that the dialogue—for Melville's original story—was written by Auguste le Breton, who wrote the novel on which Dassin's *Rififi* was based, one of the memorable "perfect crime" films.

In 1967 Melville made a film called *Le Samourai* with Alain Delon as a professional killer. It wasn't brought here until after the success of *The Godfather*; Melville's film was then ridiculously retitled *The Godson*, which greased its exit. *Le Samourai*, photographed in color by that same Henri Decaë, was like an icy ballet, the stylistic success in a crime film that *Bob le Flambeur* doesn't achieve. But I'm glad that Melville's interview statement, quoted above, was disregarded, I'm glad to have seen *Bob*, and I hope that the other Melville films not yet released here—nine of them—will come along soon.

Coincidence. Two issues ago I cited Robert L. Carringer's article on Orson Welles and Gregg Toland (*Critical Inquiry*, summer 1982) in which Carringer "reveals" that the famous opening shot of the attempted suicide sequence in *Citizen Kane* was not pure deep-focus but

FILMS WORTH SEEING

E. T., The Extra-Terrestrial. A small, scared, brilliant visitor from Out There is stranded in California and is befriended by three children. Often endearing, sometimes enjoyably sentimental.

Gregory's Girl. Unexemplary filmmaking, but good dialogue and winning performers give this story of Scottish teenagers authentic charm.

Lola. Fassbinder drew this late film from *The Blue Angel* and made it in *hoch* Hollywood style. Better than bearable because of the exceptional acting.

Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl. Another collection of performance excerpts, most of them new, almost all of them top-line M.P. (And no intrusive numbers by guest musicians, as in the last such.)

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was a matte shot, "an in-camera effect," states Carringer, "that has never been recognized as one." In Rui Nogueira's little book *Melville* (Viking, 1972), Melville says that everyone in Paris in the late 1940s "was wondering how Orson Welles had done certain shots in *Citizen Kane*," which had not been released there until after the war. Especially discussed was that shot on which Carringer now comments. Says Melville: "Of course Welles never explained how Gregg Toland had done it . . . but after seeing the film innumerable times, I came to the conclusion that he shot this sequence as a composite." Melville thereupon attempted the same sort of shot with Decaë in his first feature, *La Silence de la Mer* (1947).

Annie Girardot has become a small French industry, a quite pleasant one. She began her career in the theater and was a member of the Comédie-Française from 1954 to 1957. While there, she began in films and, presumably because she is married to an Italian actor, Renato Salvatori, has since made almost as many films in Italy (*Rocco and His Brothers, The Organizer*) as in France. Now fifty, attractive, with the ability to convey combinations of experience and susceptibility, of strength and vulnerability, of ordinariness and distinction, she has become an icon as well as a star and is making films in that image.

Her latest is *La Vie Continue*. It deals with the life of a Parisian woman in her mid-forties after her worker-husband dies suddenly, leaving her with little money and three children ranging from ten to eighteen. Any writer who chooses that subject knows exactly the kind of script he wants to write. This time the chooser was the Israeli-French writer-director, Moshé Mizrahi, who has disgorged such previous blobs of syrup as *Madame Rosa* and *I Sent a Letter to My Love*. *La Vie Continue* is somewhat better, but not because of the script.

The story is once again full of bravery, up to Here. The dialogue is studded with wisdom from slightly more expensive fortune cookies. The incidents and characters are what Mizrahi needs, not what are believable. This hard-hat's widow is a skilled high-fashion dressmaker who also fits well into a fairly smart dress shop as a saleswoman. The Jewish owner for whom she goes to work is a bit more perfect than God. Girardot's children are marvels of understanding. Although they all live in a flat overlooking railroad tracks, she goes to a posh party at the home of wealthy relatives and, in evening dress, moves with aplomb.

But Mizrahi has improved somewhat as a director. He made one error—especially exasperating—in casting. Jean-Pierre Cassel, an excellent lyric and light actor, plays the owner of an appliance-repair shop about as credibly as Fred Astaire might have done forty years ago. The Cassel-Girardot love affair is weakened, not because Cassel is a poor actor but because he's in the wrong role. Still, Mizrahi has at least drained much of the glop out of his directing. And he gets the most out of Girardot, most of the time. In several scenes, possibly having learned from Bergman, Mizrahi concentrates on her face when she converses with others, without cutting to the others, just letting her respond. The moment in a hospital waiting room in which Girardot receives the news of her husband's death—a moment in which the doctor's face is not seen, not a word is spoken, not a tear is shed—is much too good for this picture.

Vignettes from the lives of Soviet writers.

Shut Up And Eat!

By Vladimir Voinovich

Not far from the "Airport" metro stop, nearly in the center of Moscow, stand a few eight- and nine- and ten-story buildings of the best sort, that is, not constructed from reinforced concrete panels. They are built of brick. And the apartments in them are no small-scale "slums" but spacious apartments with big rooms and kitchens, wide corridors. And each entrance-way has a lift-lady who sits and knits stockings. She immediately stops every stranger with a question: "Who to?" and then checks if they're really visiting the person they said they were or whether they're visiting someone else. Beginning in the early afternoon, after lunch, you can see the inhabitants of these houses. Here come two plump, elderly gentlemen in blue turtlenecks, jeans, dark glasses—the kind they used to depict foreign spies wearing.

In the Soviet Union there are eight thousand members of the Writers' Union. Half of them live in Moscow. Three-quarters of this half have the right to live in these apartment houses by the Airport metro. Mostly rank-and-file writers live here. Secretaries of the Writers' Union, that is, prominent writers, don't have to buy their own apartments. The government gives them not only apartments but all else for free. For instance, these two old men sitting on a bench in front of the apartment house. What are they discussing? Their novels or poems? No, they haven't been writing novels or poems for a long time. They live on their pensions—a hundred and twenty rubles a month, earning a little on the side through in-house reviews for some journal or publisher, and probably (who's not doing the same these days?) writing their memoirs about meetings with important people in the past. But not even the memoirs are being worked on so hard; since noon they've been sitting on the bench, talking in low tones, looking around to make sure that someone with a suspicious look and an excellent sense of hearing hasn't sat down next to them.

They are talking about what they heard last night from acquaintances or the BBC. They say that after the *Metropol* scandal Voznesensky is going to the States again. They say the Soviet Writers' Union was against his going, Verchenko threw a temper tantrum, but Voznesensky went anyway. Because Senator Kennedy's his personal friend. And Arthur Miller, too. But neither Senator Kennedy nor Arthur Miller has a direct influence on OVIR (the visa office). But Andropov does. But what has Andropov got to do with it? He's a personal friend of Voznesensky's, too, that's what he's got to do with it. No, not Andropov himself, his daughter. Well, let's say it's the daughter or the mother-in-law, it doesn't matter, what matters is someone who can get a per-

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son foreign passports, taking no account of the Secretariat of the Soviet Writers' Union, the RSFSR, and the Moscow writers' organizations. And they were giving out hats at the Litfund last night. Eminent writers got deer-skin, prominent writers got muskrat, well-known ones got fox, and the rank and file got rabbit. One writer fancied himself well known and demanded a muskrat. And they told him: "Comrade, your place in the world of literature is decided by the Secretariat, not by you, go complain to the Secretariat." He went to the Secretariat and they told him: "It's not that we hate to let go of the muskrat, but you're not active enough in our public life." And they broadcast over the radio that Solzhenitsyn said that in the Soviet Union there are seven writers who write about the countryside no worse than Turgenev or even Tolstoy. Whom did he have in mind? Abramov, Belov, Rasputin, Mozhaev.... Whom else? Solowkhin? No, Zaligin. Actually, he probably had them both in mind. What do you think? They ask the nearest approaching drunk—whom did Solzhenitsyn have in mind, Solowkhin or Zaligin?

ILLUSTRATION BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The drunk casts sad eyes upon them, he could care less about their argument. A grave misfortune has befallen him. He was hoping *The Literary Gazette* would give him fifty lines and his picture to commemorate his sixtieth birthday, and it turns out that there will only be a paragraph in *The Moscow Writer* and not fifty lines but only eight and without his picture. And at the Litfund they offered him a rabbit-fur hat, but he turned it down.

Not having answered the question, he goes on home and writes an official statement to "Markov himself": "From this day forth I ask to no longer be considered a member of the Soviet Writers' Union." His wife's in a tizzy. Come to your senses, look what you're doing. You have a daughter, you know. They'll throw her out of the institute. You have a book you've been working on for four years now. Now they'll never publish it. No matter, I'll send it to Ardis or Possev, they'll publish it there. He pushes his wife out of the room, calls his friend and reads his statement, feelingly, into the receiver: "From this day forth do not consider me...." His wife bursts in. "Petya, what are you doing? The phone's bugged!" He waves the receiver at her. "Get out of here. Don't you dare walk in this room. My wonderful heroes live here." With a cry, his wife flies out of the door. He cuts the conversation short. Alright, I'll call you tomorrow. The next day, waking up with a headache, he can't find his statement. His wife has already torn it up and flushed it down the toilet. Well, maybe she's right. His daughter doesn't have her diploma yet. He's worked four years on his book. And Possev might or might not publish it. And if they should publish it, then what does he do next? And *The Moscow Writer did* write him up for his birthday. And Comrade Kobenko, whom the writers call K. G. Benko, personally sent a telegram. It looks like he can go on living. Of course the night before he blabbed some unnecessary things over the phone, but he didn't say them at a meeting or to foreign correspondents. They used to cut your head off for things like that, but it's O.K. now, it's liberal times, now everyone understands everything. So a man got offended, got drunk, struck his wife, blabbed a little, so he doesn't love the Soviet authorities, but who does?

They say over dinner Mussolini's young son asked his father: "Papa, what's Fascism?" to which Mussolini irritatedly mumbled, knitting his brows: "Shut up and eat!"

Shut up and eat, why, that's liberalism run rampant!

In bygone days you used to sit at a meeting, keeping quiet, not doing anything offensive to anyone. And suddenly you heard the chairman pronounce your name. "And now we'll hear what Comrade So-and-So is keeping quiet about." And his failing legs would take Comrade So-and-So up to the tribunal and his inert tongue would prattle something about his devotion to the Party and the government and Comrade Stalin personally.... But they said to him, somehow we don't believe you, you say the words reluctantly, as though by coercion. But we're not co-

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ercing you at all. Well if you don't love the Soviet regime why don't you say so. The Soviet regime can get along without you. We'll kick you out and your corpse will rot on history's garbage heap.

BEFORE LEAVING Moscow I somehow ended up at the Novo-Devichi cemetery. As I wandered among the graves I thought: "Here's that garbage heap of history." The tombstones of the honored deceased tower one above the next, with naturalistically chiseled or cast wrinkles, eyebrows, eyelashes, awards, inscriptions listing ranks, duties, and prizes of the deceased who once participated in presidiums, railed against unsuccessful fellow writers, and published books in huge printings, and the decorations, orders, privileges, dachas, cars, and Kremlin kielbasa flowed to him in rivers, and he himself began believing he deserved it all because of his outstanding contribution to literature, and now a pair of happenchance idlers stop by his tombstone. . . .

—Who's that?

—Some writer.

—Uh huh.

Nowadays, it's as quiet and boring in our Writers' Union as in the cemetery. The rank and file will take seats in the meeting hall, the literary generals will take their places at the presidium's table, and Comrade Kuznetsov will step onto the platform and start chewing his gum. Books are mentioned whose quality is judged in accordance with the post held by the author. Our Leniniana (books about Lenin) has been considerably replenished and our image of the Communist has developed further. Unfortunately, our writers still don't give enough attention to the theme of workers. However, some movement is visible in this field, too. The Union leadership constantly concerns itself with strengthening the writer's tie to life. Writers' brigades have visited with the construction workers on the Baikal-Amur rail line, have read their works in the tents of reindeer-breeders, have taken part in a Communists' Saturday workday at the Likhachev factory. And they get further and further away from literature, keep talking about trips, meetings, the struggle for peace, and other nonsense that has no relation to the majority of the people sitting in the meeting hall. The majority aren't allowed to take part in the struggle for peace, which is connected with freedom of travel abroad and the clothing, tape recorders, or kitchen sets that are brought back. But Comrade Kuznetsov has something consoling for the majority. The Secretariat and Party organization constantly concern themselves with the conditions and health of writers. During the period under review a new Writers' Club was built, medical services were improved, the building of a dacha cooperative was in the works, war invalids got new privileges, and such and such a number of writers received monetary bonuses.

Sitting there, listening to all this blather, the cemetery is no cemetery, but neither is a Writers' Union, it's some kind of almshouse.

Everyone gets the inner meaning of this speech. Keep quiet, be humble, listen to your superiors. If you can't write about the secretaries of province committees, district committees, factory directors, or collective farm chairmen, then write something about Komsomol members, Pioneers, nature, the police, the working class, but in the right spirit, boringly and optimistically, and everything will be alright, we'll publish your book sometime, and we'll give you a free pass to the Writers' Club, and pay part of your hospital bill, and before you know it you've made it to your pension!

Shut up and eat!

THE CHIEF

Earl Warren: A Public Life by G. Edward White

(Oxford University Press, 429 pp., $25)

Earl Warren's first love in public service was law enforcement, yet he led the Supreme Court in a series of decisions that 1968 Presidential candidate Richard Nixon attacked as protecting the "criminal forces." In Warren's first book, *A Republic If You Can Keep It*, he wrote that "the basic ingredient of responsible citizenship is love of country," yet right-wing elements sought to impeach him as Chief Justice for disloyalty and subversion in protecting the rights of Communists and their sympathizers. As a California official he supported state legislative committees run by such witch-hunters as Sam Yorty and Jack Tenney, yet he wrote the Supreme Court's *Watkins* decision severely restricting the powers of the House Un-American Activities Committee. As the Attorney General of California he led the successful effort for the evacuation and internment of Japanese citizens, yet as Chief Justice he not only protected and extolled citizenship as the "right to have rights" but produced the unanimous opinion supporting minority rights in the *Brown* school desegregation case. As Governor of California he opposed redistricting the State Senate (each county, regardless of population, had one Senator), yet as Chief Justice he developed the one-man-one-vote rule and called the Supreme Court's redistricting decisions his most important contribution.

G. Edward White's book is a valiant, if not wholly convincing, effort to reconcile these and other fascinating contradictions in the life of a man called by a distinguished Yale professor "the greatest Chief Justice in the nation's history" and ranked in a poll of academics among the twelve "great" Justices to serve on the Court. Instead of trying to illustrate the validity of these encomiums, the author, a former Warren law clerk and now a professor at the University of Virginia law school, recounts the story of Earl Warren with objectivity and reasoned criticism. Granted access to a wealth of newly available material from the recently opened Warren Papers in California, Mr. White has written an exciting biography of this great man and provided both Warren's supporters and detractors with a wealth of material for the continuing debate over Warren's role.

White's story of our most liberal Chief Justice starts with the experience of his father, Matt Warren, as an em-

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ployee of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the chief target of Hiram Johnson's Progressive movement to which young Earl gave his first political support. His father's hard times, plus his own experience as "call boy" for the railroad, led Warren to write in his memoirs:

> I was dealing with people as they worked for a giant corporation that dominated the economic and political life of the community. I saw that power exercised and the hardships that followed in its wake. . . . The things I learned about monopolistic power, political dominance, corruption in government and their effect on the people of a community were valuable lessons that would tend to shape my career throughout life. . . .

White does not pay too much additional attention to Warren's parents or his home life except to note the startling fact that Matt Warren was murdered in later years, a murder that was never solved because, as a local police officer put it, this was a "case of a thousand motives—so many people had reason to kill Matt Warren." Yet, according to White, Matt Warren, whose guiding principles were frugality, sobriety, and self-education, remained a hero and role model for his son.

Warren's early adulthood was unimpressive. At the University of California (undergraduate at Berkeley and law at Boalt Hall) his academic record was undistinguished, though he did spend some time in Progressive activities. His first law jobs were unsatisfactory, and his Army service never took him outside the United States. Then at age twenty-nine came the break that started Warren's career upward.

In 1919 the District Attorney for Alameda County (adjacent to Oakland) came to Sacramento, the state capital, seeking an additional deputy for his office. Warren's friends in the legislature (he was clerk for one of its committees) agreed to help create the additional deputy position if Warren would get the job. But the Alameda D. A. had promised the job elsewhere and resisted Warren's appointment. Learning this, Warren went to him and said he didn't want the job under duress. When another deputy position in Alameda County became vacant a year later, Warren got the job. Some observers have cited this appointment as evidence of the so-called Warren "luck," but White doesn't seem to put much credence in the Warren "luck" theory. It seems more likely to this reviewer that Warren's appointment resulted from his unusual moral integrity or his equally remarkable political finesse; probably a little of each.

WARREN'S NEARLY two decades as a prosecutor were a personal triumph. He professionalized California law enforcement and coordinated the law enforcement agencies of the state; he ensured prosecutorial independence from partisan politics; and he crusaded diligently against vice, corruption, and crime. In 1931 Raymond Moley could call Warren "the most intelligent and politically independent district attorney in the United States."

One prosecution late in Warren's career as D.A. would never have passed muster in the Warren Supreme Court, and White relates this discrediting story, warts and all. In 1936 the anti-Communist chief engineer of the Point Lobos, a freighter on the Oakland waterfront, was murdered. Warren, who acknowledged that he made it his "business to know what was going on in the Communist movement around the Bay," looked to Communist sympathizers in the union for suspects and clues, asserting that "the basis of the plot was communistic." According to White, the practices and procedures of Warren's office in this case included:

> the use in the court of a confession secured in the absence of counsel and through intimidation by law enforcement officials; the use in court of evidence secured by surreptitious electronic eavesdropping; the use of a prosecutor's office of adverse pretrial publicity; the employment of a California procedure that permitted juries to decide both the voluntariness of a confession and its authenticity; and the prosecution's use of an extensive delay between the original arrest of one of the *Point Lobos* defendants . . . and his formal arraignment. . . . Thus under modern standards of criminal procedure, which Chief Justice Earl Warren pioneered in formulating, District Attorney Earl Warren would probably have been prevented from convicting all the *Point Lobos* defendants.

Despite the historical irony of the *Point Lobos* case, Warren's overall success as D.A. assured his promotion to the position of Attorney General, and in 1938 he was easily elected to that office on the Republican ticket. Warren's attorney generalship was marked by generally successful efforts to keep organized crime from getting a foothold in California and a running battle with Democratic Governor Culbert Olson on preparedness and civil defense. But the most noteworthy incident of Warren's four years as Attorney General was his support for the evacuation of Japanese citizens from the West Coast after Pearl Harbor.

Warren had been brought up in Bakersfield, California, where the telephone book carried no Japanese names, giving only an address and phone number for "Oriental." Perhaps he had imbibed some of this racism or perhaps he really thought Japanese citizens were a military danger: in any case, on February 2, 1942, Warren persuaded a conference of California law enforcement officials to pass a resolution calling for their evacuation "from all areas in the state of California to some place in the interior." Warren warned against "fifth column activities," even suggesting that there was information from some Japanese about sabotage actions of others. He was quite clearly, as White says, "the most visible and effective California public official advocating internment and evacuation of the American Japanese."

NICARAGUA:
The Sandinist Revolution
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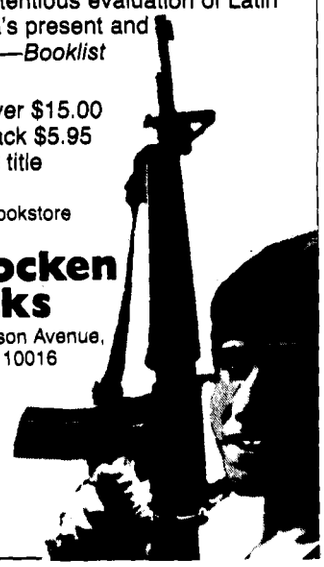

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In his memoirs, Warren confessed that "I have since deeply regretted the removal order and my own testimony advocating it." Indeed, in a press interview after leaving the Supreme Court, he broke down in tears over his participation in the evacuation and detention. One cannot help feeling that as Warren worked for solutions to the great issues of civil freedom confronting him on the Supreme Court, his own personal intellectual and emotional reactions to all questions of human rights were drastically altered.

AT ANY RATE, Warren's position on the Japanese problem certainly didn't hurt him in his race for Governor against incumbent Olson in November 1942. Concentrating on defense issues and striking a note of nonpartisanship, he garnered 57 percent of the vote. White relates two events during the campaign which, together with his landslide victory, catapulted Warren onto the national political scene. First, his public relations advisers, Whitaker and Baxter, changed his image from a "grim, humorless, prudish" district attorney to "a smiling, warm, friendly man, with a charming wife and a bevy of attractive children." And the refusal of the moneyed interests in the state to support him turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for it helped shift Warren's image from conservative prosecutor to defender of the public interest.

Warren's image as a moderate to liberal Republican was soon buttressed by his support as Governor for prison reform, public health improvements, increased support for higher education, fair employment practices legislation, and compulsory health insurance. But his caution in language and timing, White believes, threw observers off the scent of a truly progressive and liberal public official. Warren's national standing grew to such an extent that Tom Dewey unsuccessfully tried to persuade him to run for Vice President on his ticket in 1944 and only won Warren's reluctant agreement to do so in 1948. Not that Warren did not want to be President; actually, he accepted the Vice Presidential nomination in 1948 precisely because, in his own words, "if I hadn't taken it this time, they'd never consider me for anything again."

Warren did not wait long. On November 14, 1951, he threw his hat into the Presidential ring and went to the Republican National Convention hoping for an Eisenhower-Taft deadlock with the mantle falling on him. Unfortunately, White throws little new light on the 1952 Republican Convention. Why Warren supported Eisenhower's Fair Play resolution to his own detriment, what the arrangements were between Warren and Nixon, just how much Nixon double-crossed him, and what he intended to accomplish as President if he had won—these fascinating political questions fall outside the purview of White's work.

Defeated for the Presidential nomination and unhappy at the prospect of spending a fourth term as Governor, Warren set his sails for the Supreme Court. Explaining this later, Warren wrote: "I had no desire to enter the business world for the purpose of making a fortune. . . . I had no real desire to practice law privately . . . for the fee involved . . . there was no other political office that interested me." In September 1953, Warren announced he would leave the governorship at the conclusion of his term. Five days later Chief Justice Fred Vinson died of a heart attack. President Eisenhower, considering Warren "part of the Eisenhower team" with a "middle-of-the-road philosophy," appointed Warren Chief Justice, an appointment Eisenhower was later to call "the biggest damn fool thing I ever did."

When Warren arrived at the Supreme Court, the *Brown* desegregation case was awaiting him. The case had already been argued once and the Court, being badly split, had scheduled it for reargument in October 1953. Indeed, the split on the Court had been so deep after the first argument that when Justice Frankfurter heard the report of Chief Justice Vinson's death (Vinson was in favor of retaining the old prosegregation case, *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*), Frankfurter told a former law clerk that "[t]his is the first indication I have ever had that there is a God."

White's account of the ensuing Warren-Frankfurter collaboration to bring about a unanimous *Brown* desegregation decision and their subsequent bitter estrangement is dramatically told. Justice Frankfurter almost always had an intellectual romance with a new member of the Court, and so it was here, only more so. I can remember in the fall or winter of 1953 Frankfurter squeezing my arm in his customary fashion and saying: "Honestly, Joe, Earl Warren is the best thing that ever happened to this Court." I was pretty certain something good was

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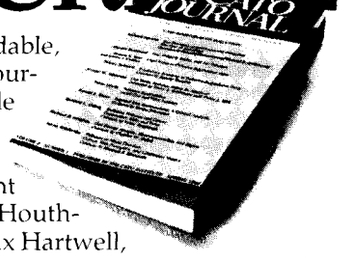

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going on at the Court and hoped it related to *Brown*. At any rate, the case was reargued in October, and in December Warren reported the case to the Court's regular weekly conference, making it clear that he favored invalidation of segregation, overruling of *Plessy*, and flexibility in the decree to enforce the ruling. In January 1954, Frankfurter circulated a memorandum containing the phrase "all deliberate speed" as a basis for the decree, and by March, when Warren finally brought the matter to a vote, it was 8 to 1 for invalidating segregation. In May, as White relates it, Warren went to see Justice Stanley Reed, the lone negative vote, and said: "Stan, you're all by yourself in this now. You've got to decide whether it's really the best thing for the country." Reed capitulated and a few days later a unanimous decision was announced by Warren. As White puts it: "Warren's forging of a unanimous majority for the *Brown* decision established his presence on the Court." His decision contained this hauntingly eloquent passage:

> We come then to the question presented: Does segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race, even though the physical facilities and other 'tangible' factors may be equal, deprive the children of equal educational opportunities? We believe that it does. . . . To separate them from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone.

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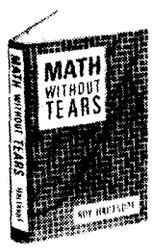

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The strength of Warren's presence was clearly evident three years later when, on June 17, 1957, the Court handed down four civil liberties decisions, possibly the high point in the Supreme Court's protection of individual rights. In the *Watkins* case, Warren wrote a devastating attack on the House Un-American Activities Committee, holding that Congress had no "power of exposure for exposure's sake" and invalidating Watkins's conviction for refusing to "name names" at least without being told why the committee was in need of the information. In *Sweezy*, Warren invalidated the contempt conviction of a University of New Hampshire professor for refusing to answer questions about an allegedly "subversive" lecture; he found the state's action an invasion of Sweezy's "liberties in the areas of academic freedom and political expression. . . ." In the *Yates* case, the Court threw out the convictions of a number of California Communists for advocating the overthrow of the government by force or violence, substantially reversed the *Dennis* case, and so restricted the Smith Act that it was largely impotent thereafter. Finally, in *Service* v. *Dulles*, the Court invalidated Secretary of State Dean Acheson's firing of John Stewart Service under pressure from McCarthy, and ordered Service returned to his post in the State Department.

WHITE CALLS the *Watkins* case "a pivotal one in Warren's development as a judge," and so it was. The four cases handed down on June 17, 1957, were not only a clear demonstration of Warren's leadership of the Court, but also a reflection of his decision to endure the darts and arrows of those who would thereafter find him "soft on Communism." White recounts how the American Bar Association condemned the *Watkins* and other decisions as "aiding the Communist cause," and how Warren resigned from the A.B.A. in 1957 after concluding that it had become a forum for criticizing his Court.

Even this does not seem to have bothered Warren as much as attacks upon the Court for its landmark decisions protecting the rights of defendants in criminal cases. Warren's first love, as we have seen, was law enforcement. But he also believed, as he said in *Spano*, that "life and liberty can be as much endangered from illegal methods used to convict those thought to be criminals as from the actual criminals themselves." White recounts Warren saying, as he was ending his judicial career, "I'm stronger for law enforcement than even [when I joined the Court]." He saw himself, as White puts it, "as perfecting law enforcement, not undermining it."

ONE COULD NOT omit from this review any more than White could omit from his book some reference to the attacks on Warren by the apostles of "neutral principles" and "judicial restraint." White's answer would appear to lie in Warren's incorruptibility and his dedication to ethical principles. My own answer would be based more on the irrelevance of the doctrine of judicial restraint to the Supreme Court. The important issues that come before that Court are broad matters of public morality and political statesmanship closer to legislative issues than to narrow questions of law. It is inevitable that the Justices become activists on public questions, and conservative Justices like Burger and Rehnquist fight for their views with as much intensity as did liberals like Warren, Black, and Douglas. The actions recounted in Bob Woodward's and Scott Armstrong's *The Brethren* build a strong case for the proposition that the Supreme Court is less a legal institution than an additional branch of government, and Warren's tenure as head of that branch was a period for strengthening the moral fiber of our society.

One weakness in the book, it seems to me, lies in the fact that White was not a law clerk to Chief Justice Warren while he was on the bench, but only after he had retired. He therefore never saw how Warren made decisions. As the law clerk for Justice Cardozo back in the 1930s, I had just such an opportunity, and this is how it looked to this young admirer back then:

> The Justice's mental processes seem to radiate about some invisible central median of fair dealing and impartial judgement. Almost subconsciously he veers to the fair result and only extremely compelling reasons can turn him aside. . . . The Justice may outwardly change his mind several times before argument, or change it upon argument, though seldom afterwards. Yet I have a feeling that all the time he was going in the direction that he thought the fairest.

My speculation is that Warren made decisions in much the same way as Justice Cardozo, generally considered a model of judicial restraint, but it would

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be informative to have the word on this from a law clerk who had observed the Justice at work.

As Emerson said, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Warren brought a quiet but determined enthusiasm to each of his posts in fifty years of public service. As the posts differed widely in objectives and in vantage points, so did Warren's actions; as he assumed ever higher posts, he grew into a greater man. For myself, I prefer the simplest explanations for the many contradictions in Warren's life to the author's more complex rationalizations based on early beginnings with Hiram Johnson's Progressivism and other theories. But, whatever Warren's early blemishes, White has left no doubt that Warren's legacy from the Court is a more civilized criminal justice system, and, above all, a society moving, however slowly, toward the ideal of equality and fair treatment for all.

JOSEPH L. RAUH JR.

Joseph L. Rauh Jr. practices civil rights, civil liberties, and labor law in Washington, D.C. He was a law clerk to Justices Cardozo and Frankfurter in the 1930s.

A STORY OF GENEROSITY

Spain, the Jews, and Franco
by Haim Avni

(The Jewish Publication Society of America, 286 pp., $19.95)

Would Franco's Spain shelter hunted Jews during the Holocaust? Posed at the time, the very question was embarrassing for many Jewish leaders, so unlikely did it seem that help could come from this quarter. Not only was Spain associated with a cruel and triumphant Fascism, it was also linked to past persecutions of Jews, the Inquisition, and the calamitous expulsions of 1492. Furthermore, local Jews could not apply pressure: in Spain they numbered only a few thousand, most of whom had been identified during the 1930s with the now-despised Republicans. In the narrow Spanish political world, they were of no consequence. Given this background, plus Franco's formal ties with Hitler since the Civil War, Jewish leaders could hardly have foreseen Spain's role as a haven for Jewish refugees or as a protector of imperiled Jews as far away as Hungary or the Balkans. In the event, Spain resolutely pursued her own national interests, breaking with Nazi Jewish policy in the process and rescuing thousands. The record was not glorious, despite subsequent Spanish claims, but neither was it as bad as might have been expected.

When Jewish refugees arrived in mid-1940, Spain was in shambles. Exhausted and bitterly divided following three years of fratricidal warfare, the country drew away from new entanglements and responsibilities. Unemployment was at unprecedented levels, and the nation could hardly feed itself. With the outbreak of war, Franco had declared Spanish neutrality, despite friendly relations with the Third Reich. The Caudillo put his energies into rebuilding a shattered society; the most he offered Hitler were some seventeen thousand volunteers (the Blue Division) to fight and die against Communism in Russia two years later.

Most Jews escaping Central Europe in the 1930s had gone first to France, which received more refugees in proportion to its total population than did any other country. This flow was practically arrested when the French mobilized in 1939, although the Nazis still pressed the Jews to leave. Jews began to stream across the border from France to Spain following Hitler's spectacular victories in Western Europe in the spring and summer of 1940. Some hoped to emigrate to America from ports on the Iberian peninsula; others simply sought to escape persecutions at the hands of the German occupation or the Vichy French government. Almost all found temporary refuge, even those without Spanish visas.

From the standpoint of all these Jews, Spain became part of the nightmarish bureaucratic maze in which they wandered, through corridors marked by stamps and documents, steamship tickets, and currency requirements. Even after escaping Nazism, the lives of these Jews were full of peril. Many faced the rigors of internment camps and the greatest danger of all—being sent back. In Spain, too, the nightmare continued. Concentration camps existed, and a few Jews were expelled. But in a brutal time, the Spanish were generous.

During the first half of the war, until the Nazis began to extend the Final Solution with massive deportations from neighboring France in 1942, some thirty thousand Jews saved themselves by passing through Spain. To this point, Spain conformed to official German policy, which was to force Jews out of territory controlled by the Reich. Then, as the Nazis began roundups everywhere to fill the trains bound for death camps in Poland, and as the flow of desperate entrants increased, the Spaniards hesitated, but held firm: the Jews would not be turned away. Thereafter, the Spaniards were indeed clashing with German strategy, which strove to block Jewish escapes. Despite intensified surveillance by French police on their side of the frontier, and soon the presence of German patrols who also tracked the fugitives, seventy-five hundred more Jews entered Spain. Among them were six hundred children and young people smuggled across by a Jewish resistance group from Toulouse.

SPANISH POLICY was not asylum. Unwilling to maintain the Jews, and anxious not to confront the Nazis, the government pressed them on, by embarcation from Spanish ports or by passage into Portugal, from where they might emigrate via Lisbon. The ideal, in Foreign Minister Jordana y Sousa's memorable phrase, was the Jews "passing through our country as light passes through a glass, leaving no trace." Jordana wanted no public expense and no headlines. Few, therefore, were permitted to remain in Spain; many who lacked prospects to depart ended up in the notorious camp of Miranda de Ebro. Relief, said the officials, would come if others would accept the Jews. Everything depended on their finding homes somewhere else; the more quickly the Jews were able to move through Spain, the more liberal were the authorities in releasing Jews from camps and in receiving them on the frontier.

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A crisis arose in the summer and autumn of 1942, as terror spread throughout France and close to forty-five thousand Jews were deported to Auschwitz. The crush of illegal refugees suddenly threatened to upset the delicate balance of Spanish policy. Things worsened in November, when the war came closer: the Allies invaded North Africa, and the Germans swept across the demarcation line into formerly unoccupied France. Now other refugees also fled across the Pyrenees—in particular, Allied airmen shot down over Nazi-held territory and thousands of young Frenchmen seeking escape from forced labor in the Reich. For a time it seemed that the Spanish might reverse their previous strategy. There were signs of vacillation in the Foreign Ministry, momentarily threatening expulsion of Jews, then relenting. Some pro-Nazi elements in the Falange seem to have opposed receiving refugees; those hostile to Axis influence prepared to listen to other voices. Jordana y Sousa, of the latter camp, was appointed Foreign Minister on September 3, 1942, helping to ensure that Spain would not accede to Nazi blandishments over refugees. Thereafter, Jewish refugees continued to pass through the country.

The Spanish also extended their protective mantle outside their own country to cover a small number of Sephardic Jews. This was a curious humanitarian gesture, an amalgam of nationalistic pride and cultural pretension. Behind it lay an unstated sense of obligation to Spain's "lost children," the descendants of Jews expelled from Spain at the end of the fifteenth century. Many of these still spoke the Spanish-based Ladino language and were now scattered throughout the Mediterranean world, especially parts of the former Ottoman Empire. During the latter half of the 1920s, the military dictator of Spain, Miguel Primo de Rivera, offered these Jews the right to claim Spanish citizenship as part of a campaign to enhance the Spanish image of a great historic nationality, established in many countries. Relatively few Jews accepted. This Law of Return nevertheless reflected both a remarkable solicitude toward such persons and a willingness to disregard Jewishness in considering who was Spanish. Nearly two decades later, when Jews everywhere in Europe grasped at straws for their salvation, some Sephardic Jews reached out to Franco, appealing in patriotic tones for Spanish protection.

Spanish officials responded to these calls for help. They were jealous of the treatment of their fellow nationals, as were all charged with maintaining their countries' independence in a Europe stalked by Nazism. Occasionally, too, Spaniards considered the Nazi persecutors as godless barbarians, against whom Catholic Spain should make some exemplary protective gesture. The problem was how to aid those in danger without provoking serious retaliation. The Germans were prepared to exempt small groups of Jews from neutral countries from the death factories in Poland, provided they were repatriated in short order. The Spanish, in turn, were willing to receive a limited number who could prove their citizenship. Clearly there were few who could, and every effort was made to exclude ineligibles. Nevertheless, the transport of even a few thousand Jews across Europe in wartime took considerable effort; and the problem remained what to do with them in Spain. Spanish officials addressed these difficulties with a mixture of delay and scrupulous legalism to ensure that the "Spanish Jews" would leave Spain shortly along with all the others. So the "lost children" were hardly welcomed with open arms. But neither were they spurned. Much depended on the local consular authorities, some of whom were prepared to bend the rules made in Madrid. In Sofia, for example, the pro-Jewish Julio Palencia y Alvarez took the initiative to protect Jews in several Macedonian cities from deportation by Bulgarian forces in 1943. The Spanish representatives in Athens and Salonika did the same, interceding with the Germans while the Foreign Ministry at home still wavered.

In Hungary, near the end of the war, when the Jews of Budapest were in mortal danger, the Spanish chargé d'affaires, Angel Sanz Briz, went the furthest of all. Having identified some three hundred Spanish Jews who were to be brought to Spain, he managed to extend similar protection to about two thousand more, housed in special buildings designated officially as diplomatically protected Spanish territory.

IN HIS BOOK on this subject, originally published in Hebrew in 1974, Haim Avni takes care not to exaggerate the generosity of the Franco regime. The Spanish moves were extremely cautious and conservative, designed to keep the number of Jews in Spain to an absolute minimum. Although close to forty thousand survived in one way or another until 1945 thanks in part to Spanish help, no more than a few thousand Jews were ever in the country at any one time. And government policies generally made life miserable for Jewish refugees unable to leave Spain "as light passes through a glass." Most important, Avni believes that far more could have been done to admit Jews if pressure upon Spain had been intensified and better orchestrated. Here, I believe, he may be on thin ice.

WHITE STRAWBERRIES

In the photograph she is not always
standing at the edge of the mowed field
clutching a bouquet of weeds for the mulch,

her ripped Wellingtons glistening from damp
grass and striped socks showing beneath
rolled-up pants. No, sometimes, she floats

in the hazy marsh gas that rises in the reeds
behind her and the sun fills her hair with flames
that catch in the distant mulberry.

I've seen her disappear when wasps devour
the dark berries and the air is clear
and the light endless; or she points to the fish-

monger crossing the garden, sole in each hand,
his palms bleeding from fine cuts and a pink
blush spreads at the edges of the wet fillets.

Perhaps all memory of that country enters
this photograph, like cows escaped from pasture,
because for her, I have no remorse; it was clear

between us. Like the white strawberries
she brought from the garden one day, small
covered with a bristly down, and which I thought

unripe, but they were precious,
nothing but albinos in her hand.

MICHAEL COLLIER

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Doubtless the Spanish government could be responsive at times to British and American requests to treat Jewish refugees humanely. The Allies made strenuous and repeated representations about refugees after their invasion of North Africa, when their own military personnel sometimes found Spain on their escape routes. And when the British or Americans talked, the Spanish listened. Avni suggests that the Allies held back on the specific issue of Jewish refugees, reflecting the generally low priority both governments assigned to endangered Jews. In particular, the American Ambassador to Madrid, Carlton J. H. Hayes, opposed private work on behalf of Jewish refugees for fear this might conflict with more important aid to escaped airmen and prisoners of war. Hayes went so far as to block support to welfare agencies which would assist the smuggling of refugees across the Pyrenees.

TAKING THEIR CUES from the Allies, Jewish organizations were also hesitant. The Jews were uncomfortable dealing with the Franco regime; the latter, in turn, was deeply suspicious of Jewish motives, an evaluation conditioned by the popular anti-Semitism linked to the Nationalist movement during the Civil War. Since the Spaniards permitted no senior Jewish representatives to establish operations in Spain, the principal Jewish organizations involved in rescue often lacked the capacity for bold action. Poorly coordinated with one another, and too unsure of themselves to pressure Allied governments on Spain, Jewish leaders missed a chance to do more. Thus in 1943, when the rescue of Sephardic Jews from Western Europe and Salonika depended on the speedy transit of the former group through Spain, there were no outside agencies able to expedite the evacuations. No officials from the Jewish agency in Palestine were available in Spain to handle the matter, there was no one from the important Jewish Joint Distribution Committee to take charge,JYand the Allies seemed apathetic. Operations languished. Consequently, only about eight hundred "Spanish" Jews were repatriated to Spain, fewer than the total number of endangered Jews whose Spanish citizenship was genuinely established.

Clearly, more could have been done. Yet this is almost always true in retrospect. What is difficult to prove is that the Spaniards could have been pressed very much further. To judge, one would have to know far more about Spanish decision-making than Avni has been able to discover. Spain's role in refugee matters must be seen from Madrid as well as from London, Washington, or Tel Aviv. Although he has used some files in the Spanish Foreign Ministry, Avni does not have much to say about the political roots of Spanish policy, or the preoccupations of the Caudillo himself. The latter remains a mysterious figure, just as he was to so many contemporaries. Did Franco believe himself to be of Jewish descent, as rumors persistently had it? And if so, could this have prompted his resolve to do something for the Jews? Or could it have weakened that prospect, from fear that the story would become widely accepted? Avni skirts these questions, vital to any assessment. After all that has been written, we just cannot be sure.

More certain is the genuine skill and cunning with which Franco dealt with Nazi Germany, and the risks associated with challenging Nazi policy on important issues. We now know that the Germans were hard-pressed to hold the Europe they came to control from 1939 to 1941. German personnel were stretched thinly from the Atlantic to the gates of Moscow and Stalingrad. It seems doubtful that more men could have been spared to attack Spain if she strayed from the Hitlerian fold. Yet this was less apparent in 1940 than it is now. Hitler blustered and cajoled the Spanish dictator after the fall of France, trying to force Spain into war against England. The Germans wanted to close the western approaches to the Mediterranean, and the failure to secure Franco's help or to do the job themselves was probably a major contribution to the Nazis' defeat in the long run.

The Reich had plenty of ways to intimidate the Spaniards. German troops trained for an assault on Gibraltar in 1940, before a gallery of Spanish officers in the Jura mountains. Hints were dropped that if the Spaniards proved recalcitrant, the Germans would launch the attack, and might invade Spain in the bargain. Two years later, when German troops took up positions along the frontier after occupying the southern zone of France, there was renewed talk of a German invasion. With the Allies

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now established in North Africa, a German counterattack in Morocco could well have prompted the Wehrmacht to move into the Iberian peninsula. Such ideas were in fact discussed by top Nazi strategists. Meanwhile, Spain was honeycombed with German agents, who frequently had the support of their Spanish counterparts. The Spanish media operated under the eye of the Gestapo, whose officers operated freely against their enemies on Spanish soil. And finally, the Nazi cause could always count on a good reception among certain high-ranking Spaniards, who were only gradually displaced by those more loyal to Franco. The outstanding example was the Caudillo's brother-in-law, Ramon Serrano Suñer, who was finally ousted in September 1942.

ALONE AMONG European statesmen of his era, Franco dealt with Hitler without finishing second-best. At the frontier with France in 1940 the two dictators met, and Franco talked Hitler into the ground. The Nazi leader reportedly said later that he would rather have four teeth pulled than go through another session with Franco. Responding to Hitler's call for Spain to enter the war, the Caudillo set his terms so impossibly high that Germany could never meet them. Spain therefore excused herself from the fighting. Extravagant with his expressions of loyalty to the Axis, Franco kept up a profitable trade in strategic materials with Britain and the U.S. He was playing a delicate and dangerous game, which met success only because Hitler ran into difficulties elsewhere.

Until the tide of war turned decisively against the Reich, Franco was unlikely to clash openly with the Nazis on sensitive ideological issues. His style was to delay, to play the Germans along, and to safeguard essentials. Most important was to maintain appearances, to give the impression of loyalty to the Axis, while protecting vital interests. Spain could afford no adventures.

To demonstrate his fidelity to the Nazi cause, Franco could declare in 1939 his "deep understanding" of anti-Jewish legislation, and autographed his portrait for the most outrageous Nazi Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher. There is no sign, however, that Franco took any of this seriously. In time, helping Jews appeared as a minor way to hedge his bets on the outcome of the war. Characteristically, however, Franco was stubborn, slow to make up his mind, and would not be pushed too far in any direction. Spain's contribution to rescue was therefore unspectacular and principally negative: there was no anti-Jewish legislation, the hunted Jews were generally not expelled across the frontier, and the Spaniards did not block Jewish departures to the West. Nothing would also be done, however, to call undue attention to Spanish recalcitrance.

Once the German armies were shattered in Eastern Europe and the Nazis were everywhere in retreat, Franco and his diplomats could be more forthcoming. But it was the fortunes of war, not Allied political pressure, which ultimately moved Franco's government, and then only modestly, as Avni indicates. Only in April 1943 would the Spanish permit official representation of American relief organizations under David Blickenstaff to organize openly, outside the American Embassy in Madrid. Only in the latter part of 1943 were stateless Jews in Spain awaiting departure permitted to live outside the dreadful internment camps. And only in 1944 was the most daring rescue attempted, in Hungary—the extending of Spanish protection to Jews who were not in any sense citizens of Spain.

Let it be said that we can never be sure about missed opportunities. We are much more likely to succeed in striving to penetrate the consciousness of contemporaries, trying to understand the world as they saw it. Such reflections are prompted by a book on Franco and the Jews, because the outcome of this story—half-hearted rescue—is so unlike what one might have expected in the wake of the Spanish Civil War, once seen as the first skirmish of European Fascism against liberal democracy. However limited, Spain's rescue forces us to re-think the ideological kinship which supposedly bound Nazi anti-Semitism to other movements of the radical right in Europe.

The most demonic forms of Nazi persecution of Jews depended for success upon the active or passive cooperation of other governments and peoples. Martin Gilbert's *Auschwitz and the Allies* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) has recently reminded us of how distracted were British and American leaders when faced with Jewish appeals, whether these were for the rescue of refugees or for the bombing of the gas chambers and crematoria. In Western Europe, Jews were persistently victimized by the Vichy government of France, which even handed Jews over to the Germans from *un*occupied territory, while at the same time Jews were being protected by Mussolini's troops and *carabinière* to the east of the river Rhone, and sheltered by authoritarian regimes in Spain and Portugal. Humanitarian aid was in extremely short supply during the time of Hitler, but in circumstances it was possible to assist Jews and get away with it. Some tried, and some did not.

MICHAEL R. MARRUS

Michael R. Marrus is a professor of history at the University of Toronto.

THE ART OF BEING RUDE

The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis by Jeffrey Meyers

(Routledge & Kegan Paul, 391 pp., $19.95)

In a dark moment in 1949, Wyndham Lewis predicted, with the accuracy of fantasy, the fate of his reputation:

> My books afterwards would be shared out among various writers. D.B.W.L. would get two or three . . . Day Lewis be given a couple probably and the *screw-tape* Lewis have attributed to him 'Time and Western Man.'

Whatever the posthumous reputations of D. B. Wyndham Lewis (a popular Catholic biographer), C. Day Lewis (poet and translator), and C. S. Lewis (literary scholar and religious apologist), that of Wyndham Lewis is a good deal less than glorious. His books are largely out of print and his name is not a familiar one in modern literature classes subsisting on Joyce, Lawrence, and Virginia Woolf. Particularly in this

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country, though in England as well, he is a writer known and admired by a small minority of readers who—like the present reviewer—have grown by turns aggressive, defensive, and resigned in their efforts to publicize his attractions. Most literary people know that 1982 is the year of Joyce's centenary; many that it is Woolf's also. But who knows that there, lurking in the shades, having guessed already there would be no celebration for him, is Lewis, who was born (of all places) on his father's yacht off the coast of Nova Scotia in November 1882? Well, he may be reflecting sardonically, I brought it on myself.

FORTUNATELY, the Lewis centenary will be marked by one important and fitting monument: Jeffrey Meyers's biography, the first one to be written about this self-styled "enemy." Lewis used that word to title the one-man magazine he published briefly in the late 1920s, and also to refer to himself, his raids on and skirmishes with other modern writers, painters, movements, and ideas. But, as Mr. Meyers observes at one point, his greatest enemy was himself. Lewis's career bids to be looked at as a series of inopportune moves, bad hunches, indiscreet soundings-off, disastrous commitments. They range from the benignly naive notion that he could, as a promising young painter, also write a successful novel (a potboiler which would make him money—it was not published until well after his death!), all the way to the writing of an admiring book about Hitler in 1931, and his subsequent fellow-traveling with British Fascist opinion. Perhaps the most inopportune move was from England to New York and eventually to Canada, for six years during World War II, undertaken in the belief that he could make a financial success of painting portraits. Yet there is a sense in which these mistakes can be viewed in a different light. Early on, Pound characterized Lewis's mind as "volcanic and disordered" (Auden later tagged him "that lonely old volcano of the Right"), but added:

> A man with his kind of intelligence is bound to be always crashing and opposing and breaking. You cannot be as intelligent, in that sort of way, without being prey to the furies.

Crashing and opposing and breaking were from the beginning the essential modes of Lewisian operations. He went to school at Rugby, where it could hardly be said that he was educated since that took place in the years he spent painting and traveling on the Continent—mostly in Paris—between 1902 and 1909. Abroad, Lewis found that one didn't have to "play the game," as they said at Rugby, because, living among foreigners, he rapidly found out there was in fact no game at all to play. Paris was his university, as it would be for the hero of his first published novel, *Tarr*; from Paris he wrote home regularly to his devoted mother (the father, Charles E. Lewis—"the Old Rip," as his son called him—remained in North America) about what Mr. Meyers rightly terms his three lifelong preoccupations: "sex, health (including the state of his bowels) and lack of money."

Returning to England at the end of 1908, he published his first story, "The 'Pole' "—a curious, utterly distinctive ramble about a Breton character he invented—in Ford Madox Ford's *English Review*. He met Pound, who boomed his paintings and published *Tarr* serially in the *Egoist*. By that time Lewis had brought out the first two (and only) issues of *Blast*, organ of the shortlived "Vorticist" movement with which artists as distinguished as Pound, Gaudier-Brzeska, Eliot, and Lewis himself were associated. The war put an end to that, sent Lewis to France where he first served in the artillery and then, after being hospitalized, as a war artist (his "A Battery Shelled" can be viewed at the Imperial War Museum in London). *Tarr* was finally published in 1918, and he settled down after the war ended to twenty years of painting and writing, producing twenty-five or so books; novels (*The Apes of God*, *The Revenge for Love*); social and political analysis and polemic (*The Art of Being Ruled*, *Paleface*); philosophical criticism (*Time and Western Man*); literary criticism (*Men Without Art*); plus poems, travel books, a memoir, and various occasional efforts deservedly forgotten. After his six-year stay in North America, he returned to London in 1945, lived until 1957, and during those twelve years produced more novels and essays, continuing to write even after he became blind in 1951 from a tumor pressing on the optic nerve. His last words, on being asked by a nurse about the state of his bowels, were, "Mind your own business." He died at age seventy-five.

Meyers writes as a sympathetic but critical reader of Lewis and makes no attempt to sweep under the carpet the less savory of his subject's prejudices. It was no secret, certainly, to any reader of *Tarr* or *Snooty Baronet* (a comic novel from the 1930s) that he considered women less intelligent than men, resented them, yet needed them for the way their sex complemented his artistic intelligence. But this biography shows in full detail the parade of Lewis's mistresses, which slowed but did not end with his long relationship and eventual marriage to Gladys Anne Hoskyns ("Froanna"), the woman and wife with whom he lived from after World War I until his death. As Meyers says, "His attitude toward sex was deliberately offhand and sardonic." While this attitude was doubtless in life a source of frustration for the women involved and for himself (though also, doubtless, one of pleasure and satisfaction for both), it made in art for a fresh, impious, un-D. H. Lawrentian (he and Lewis naturally disliked one another's work) treatment of sex, refreshing and astringent in a briskly comic way. Dame Rebecca

The Kremlin is celebrating the nuclear freeze movement in its own inimitable fashion. While its left tongue was announcing a freeze on its medium-range missiles, its right tongue was ordering deployment of 45 to fifty of its nasty SS-20s. It then applauded the anti-nuke demonstration in New York with both tongues as a blow against the U.S. war machine and jailed the entire anti-nuke crowd that dared to turn out in Moscow—11 people.

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West, a formidable character in her own right, told Mr. Meyers (who conducted many interviews—with Henry Moore, Sacheverell Sitwell, and dozens of others) that Lewis took her out to dinner more than once back in the days previous to World War I, but that she never got to know him because on those occasions he never spoke. Finally she refused his supper invitations. Lewis also fathered several illegitimate children, two of them by Iris Barry, and took no interest in them after they were born. Perhaps the single worst story Meyers tells about him involves Iris Barry's return from the hospital to Lewis's studio with "their" baby daughter, only to find him otherwise, or sexually, engaged with the notorious Nancy Cunard; the mother waited on the stoop until things had finished inside. Nancy Cunard, who was, to put it mildly, a bit of a pill herself, wrote about Lewis just before her death, "He was DAMN DIFFERENT. . . . I think, on the whole, he was half a SHIT. But a great painter. And a splendid letter-writer." A generous tone to take, though there is no comparable later word from Iris Barry.

BECAUSE IT IS HARD to know what to say about Lewis's outrageousnesses, Mr. Meyers sometimes sounds weakly explanatory of what really can't be explained, as when he quotes a letter from Richard Aldington about how, shortly after having stayed with the Aldingtons and having used Richard's shaving brush, Lewis encountered him in a Kensington restaurant and announced (proudly as always, evidently) that he had the "clap." Aldington was not amused, but Meyers tries to make the best of it: "Lewis . . . was probably unaware of the malady when he visited Aldington's flat. In any case, Aldington could not have caught clap from a shaving brush." Somehow that reassurance doesn't do the trick. At a later moment, discussing Lewis's criticism of his literary contemporaries—a fascinating and instructive subject—Meyers calls his attack on Virginia Woolf (in *Men Without Art*) "both acute and convincing" and terms her admission (in *A Writer's Diary*) that Lewis's attack sent her to bed ill for several days "a masochistic satisfaction in her martyrdom." Perhaps, but though Lewis's pages on her are vivid and entertaining, they yet fail to convince because of their one-sided unfairness; to write a criticism of Woolf without praising *To the Lighthouse* for the brilliant and moving thing it is disqualifies the critical verdict in terms of scrupulousness and fairness. As he kept insisting that "satire" should be, Lewis was deliberately unfair, achieving his insights—philosophical and political, as well as literary-critical—largely through broad, comic simplifications of reality. This is not to say that they are less than engaging and challenging, only that they are not the whole truth.

BUT IN THE MAIN Mr. Meyers is admirably dispassionate. Though he does not engage in full-scale criticism of Lewis's books, he goes to the heart of what's wrong with *The Childermass* and *The Apes of God*, Lewis's blockbuster "fictions" from the late 1920s: "They start brilliantly and evoke an exciting visual quality, but gradually disintegrate, go on too long, and finally seem over-written, tiresome and unreadable." While his discursive books, such as *The Art of Being Ruled* or *Time and Western Man*, never attain a coherent shape, "[h]e substituted energy for logic, arrogantly cast forth his ideas . . . assumed that sheer genius would compensate for deficiencies of craft." All Lewis's books, he says, are in one way or another flawed, and there is no recognized masterpiece like *Ulysses* or *The Waste Land*. Yet—and here I think Meyers would agree with me—we get things from him that we can't from Joyce or Eliot. Like the Lawrence whom he ridiculed, or like Evelyn Waugh (whom he ignored), Lewis was an impossible person who carried over that impossibleness into his turbulent, argumentative, disturbing books. As Meyers points out, he clung to the "bankrupt rational tradition" when his contemporaries were traveling imaginatively, or in fact, to Confuciusland or Krishnaville, celebrating mornings in Mexico or nighttowns in a dream Dublin. There is no one else but Lewis who could provide us with the comic satisfactions attendant upon imagining what a Mexican Indian would say if he had read D. H. Lawrence on the "delicate, marvelous sensitiveness" of his Indian "squaw": "He would probably say 'Chuck it, Archie!' in Hopi. At least he would be considerably surprised, and probably squint very hard, under his 'dark' brows, at Mr. Lawrence." This inspiriting gift for fantasy Lewis carried over into his life, receiving his mail for a time in the 1930s at the Pall Mall Safe Deposit, to which he once led an unwanted guest, breaking off the evening by announcing, "This is where I live. Good night!"

Throughout the book, Meyers is an assiduous and penetrating literary detective, always pressing on where others might fall back on guesses and suppositions. There is a full account here, available for the first time, of Lewis's medical history in the 1930s and of the disease which finally killed him. There is much useful information about sales of books and advances from publishers. If at times Meyers is overly eager to tell us how such-and-such a character in a Lewis novel "is" really some real-life person, this is but a further manifestation of his impulse to explain things, pin them down with a label. The biographer may be a bit of a rationalist himself, but there are worse things to be.

THE BOOK ENDS with affecting pages on Lewis's blindness, with the old Enemy writing thousands of pages in longhand on paper resting

> on a hard board in his lap with a wire stretched across it to keep the lines straight. . . . If the pen ran out of ink, Lewis would not know it and would continue to engrave the invisible words on the blank page—until someone realized what was happening.

In this way he wrote his moving novel of 1954, *Self Condemned*, plus the later volumes of his incomplete trilogy, *The Human Age*, published just before he died. The finest English painter of this century, Meyers arguably asserts, he had to give up reviewing exhibitions for the *Listener* since—as he put it bluntly—"I can no longer see a picture." If he had moments of mellowing, he remained his old impossible self. When Walter Michel, who was to compile the splendid *Wyndham Lewis: Paintings and Drawings* (1971), visited him in 1955 to buy some drawings, Michel's wife upon leaving gave a hug to the blind Lewis, in response to which the Enemy grumbled, "How do I know she's good-looking?" If this strikes you as a lovely utterance, rather than a sexist remark, Wyndham Lewis may be for you. Jeffrey Meyers's biography is both an occasion and a provocation for testing out that possibility.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD

William H. Pritchard teaches English at Amherst and is the author of *Lives of the Modern Poets* (Oxford University Press).

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

away their rights, and so on. Three cheers for the assaultive patient!

If one examines in a scholarly fashion the phenomenon of assaults in mental hospitals—as Dr. Szasz did *not* do—one finds that some assaults are certainly provoked by staff. They are statistically very rare. Vastly more occur when regressed and psychotic patients randomly strike nurses who happen to be nearby. Nurses arr hurt far more than psychiatrists; this finding of my work was ignored in the article.

These attacks are an occupational hazard; how much is yet unknown. To imply that God is finally punishing the mental health profession seems farfetched.

JOHN R. LION, M.D.
University of Maryland
Baltimore, Maryland

MONKEY TRIAL

To the editors:

The letter by John A. Hoyt, president of the Humane Society of the United States (Correspondence, TNR, July 12), is so full of misrepresentation and inaccuracy that I feel I must respond at least to the most flagrant examples.

First, my laboratory was not in violation of the Animal Welfare Act. This statute is administered by the Department of Agriculture. Since 1977 my laboratory has passed twelve unannounced Department of Agriculture inspections; minor deficiencies were noted only twice. At the time the monkeys were removed from my laboratory, they had not been without veterinary care for two years, as Mr. Hoyt claims. They were seen, as a matter of formal record, by veterinarians twice in each of those years. But in any case, as an investigator with twenty-four years of continuous experience with that type of research animal, I was better qualified than the average veterinarian to provide proper care for my monkeys.

The research I do involves a procedure called deafferentation, in which all sensation is eliminated from a monkey's limb. As an inevitable and unavoidable consequence of loss of pain and other sensation, the animals sustain injury to the limb; this also occurs in humans with a similar condition. It is seriously misleading of Mr. Hoyt not to point out that a condition similar to that of my monkeys has been reported by every investigator doing deafferentation research in this century and the last, including some of the great names in the history of the neurosciences. Moreover, none of my animals had bone cancer, as Mr. Hoyt asserts, nor has anyone even vaguely suggested that any did.

Mr. Hoyt's claim that I rarely visited my monkey colony room is not only untrue, it is absurd. How would I be able to maintain research productivity in my laboratory year after year and obtain the associated frequent renewals of my research grants if I was not frequently in the colony room of my small laboratory? I might note in passing that allegations of unclean conditions in my laboratory are based on the activities of an animal rights activist who infiltrated my laboratory by misrepresenting his motives and took photos late at night, when alone, of conditions that several visitors to my laboratory at the time, including a Department of Agriculture inspector on an unannounced visit, testified they had never witnessed.

Mr. Hoyt's final claim that I "can point to no direct benefit of (my) research" is easily refuted by the public record. Twelve years ago my research with deafferented monkeys led me to the discovery of the technique now called thermal biofeedback. (Elmer Green and his co-workers developed a similar technique independently.) It is currently used in hundreds of institutions with thousands of patients each year for the relief of painful or life-threatening disorders such as Raynaud's disease, migraine headache, hypertension, and other stress-related conditions. More recently, my work with deafferented monkeys has generated a new approach to the physical rehabilitation of patients after stroke and other types of damage to the central nervous system. This approach either has been or is being used at New York University Medical Center, Goldwater Memorial Hospital, Emory University School of Medicine, and several other leading institutions in the physical medicine field.

EDWARD TAUB, PH.D.
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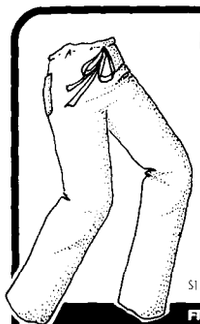

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LONDON DIARIST

Vestiges of the Past

COMING UP THE escalator at the Trafalgar Square tube stop, I felt the quickening of anticipation that announces the imminent appearance of the familiar. The framed posters on the wall advertising Harrod's, West End shows, bus tours and day trips, and the startling nudes that distracted the eye from the body lotions and hosiery they were intended to display, were more evocative to me than Monet's portraits of Big Ben at dusk. And when I emerged into the milky summer twilight, it wasn't Nelson's Column that amazed me, but the taxis hurtling by like the coupes in old gangster movies. Their running boards and single-seated front compartments for the driver have a raffish charm; most of them are still black, as all of them used to be; but now a few of them are mauve and purple and maroon, colors as exotic in the traffic that swept around the square as the plumage of a tropical bird.

IT IS FROM the top of a bus that one can best survey London, and an hour later I swung onto the platform of a double-decker headed for Knightsbridge. Climbing the narrow circular staircase, I settled down on a plush upholstered seat in the front row, swaying high above the street. It was a Sunday evening; the wide sidewalks were deserted, the traffic sparse, and no lights shone in the tall windows of Belgravia's Regency townhouses. No other city can rival the elegance of these neighborhoods, the uniform rows of columned porticoes curving in a bow around parks enclosed by wrought-iron fences. No wonder Henry James called the West End "a region of greatness—great towers, great names, great memories." In the hush of twilight, the traffic around Hyde Park Corner a distant muffled hum, there was a solemnity in these squares and crescents that radiated confidence; the statues of Punjabi and Viceroys were reminders of Empire.

YET LONDON, like every other city, has weathered a good deal of demolition. Bleak office towers and apartment buildings rise up out of the quaint old neighborhoods, and the new Barbican theater complex, a frightening concrete edifice that looks like a giant car park, has earned nearly universal contempt. James Fenton derided it in *The Times* as "one of the nastiest architectural ensembles in Europe," and Francis King, *The Observer*'s theater critic, pronounced it "an awesome example of the modern architect's inhumanity to man." Wandering through the Barbican, I paused to watch the Royal Shakespeare Company perform *A Midsummer Night's Dream* over closed-circuit television, then set off down a bewildering labyrinth of empty corridors and lobbies the size of airport lounges.

CENTRAL LONDON was just as ominous. Piccadilly and Leicester Square have deteriorated visibly. Wimpy's, once an anomaly to be tolerated, has been joined by Pizza Shacks and Maryland Chicken Centres, Colonel Sanders outlets, and McDonald's. New Coventry Street, paved over to create a pedestrian mall, is a hangout for skinheads with piratical earrings, their burly arms tattoed, their names shaved out of their bristling haircuts. (The punk look, thatches of orange or blue dyed hair, is also popular.) In the wake of last year's riots, they loiter aggressively in front of the video-game arcades and fast-food parlors as if waiting for something to happen. The music that emanates from the pubs is as savage and ugly as the vindictive jingoism that gripped the popular press during the war with Argentina.

WHAT MRS. THATCHER'S fate will be when the patriotic fervor subsides is hard to predict. She has until the spring of 1984 to call an election, and has declared her intention of seeing out her full term. The Prime Minister "wouldn't dream of engineering an election around the Falklands crisis," insisted the Conservative chairman, Cecil Parkinson, but such avowals haven't put an end to speculation about when she might seize an opportune moment—perhaps in the autumn of 1983, when a revision of the electoral map could add a number of Tory seats to Parliament. But it will not be easy for Mrs. Thatcher to recapture the triumph of that June night when she announced Argentina's surrender to an exultant House of Commons, and returned to No. 10 to find a crowd singing "Rule Britannia." Britain is just as unsentimental about its politicians as the United States, and the military enthusiasm is already beginning to die down. The real issue looming up was summarized in a headline: JOBLESS TOTAL TOPS THREE MILLION AGAIN. The country seemed wary after last year's riots, and regarded with alarm the possibility of protracted rail strikes that could threaten still more jobs. Of course, such crises are nothing new: the English thrive on adversity, even welcome it. They take an odd delight in reduced circumstances: bread-filled sausages, unheated apartments, and electric meters that have to be fed with shillings are somehow thought to build character. People on the street look as if they could use a new suit, but they hardly stand out in a country where even the Queen goes about in a frumpy overcoat and sensible shoes.

THE BRITISH, falling behind the other nations in the European Economic Community, are said to be nearly as poor as the Italians, but the West End looks more prosperous than ever. The Bentleys and Rolls-Royces line up three abreast at stoplights, the shops in the renovated Covent Garden are jammed, the most expensive restaurants are full. There may be millions on the dole and a whole generation of unemployed youth, not to speak of the blacks and immigrants crowding the outlying suburbs of London, but it's hard to sense any impending crisis in a city where the noiseless subways, the spotless streets, the scrubbed facades seem the visible evidence of a dignified, efficient civilization. This isn't one of the more notable epochs in England's history. The new architecture is undistinguished; the achievement of this generation of poets and novelists is modest; now that the Falklands war is over, there are only strikes for Britons to endure with a stiff upper lip. Still, I thought to myself, returning to the garbage-strewn streets of New York on a hot summer afternoon: I have seen the past, and it works.

JAMES ATLAS

James Atlas, author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is an associate editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

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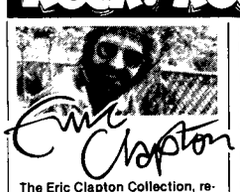

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